

DOLL MAN



SM
A

AUTUMN ISSUE
No. 10

Quarterly

10¢

The **DOLL MAN**

mauls the
MURDER MARIONETTES,
grapples with
THE MAN CALLED GRIM,
and gambles with
THE GOOD SPORT!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

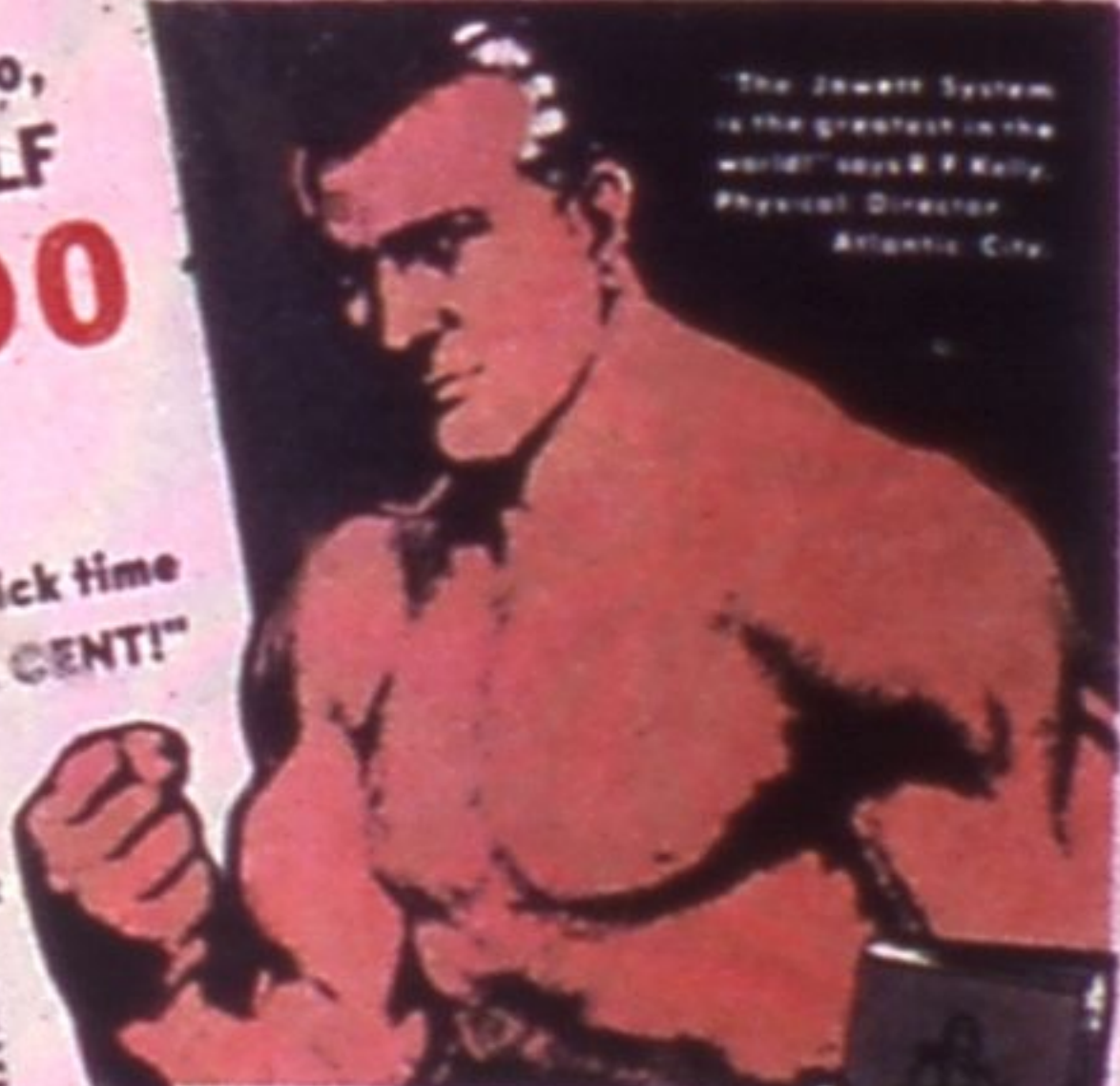
"Let me show **YOU** too, HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF **COMMANDO -TOUGH**

inside and out... In double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says *George F. Jowett*

whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British
Army, Navy, Coast Guard, and Marine Corps with their own
powerful bodies. Let me show you how to build your own
body. I can get you out of your "skinny" condition in 10 days.
And I can get you out of your "skinny" condition in 10 days.
And I can get you out of your "skinny" condition in 10 days.
And I can get you out of your "skinny" condition in 10 days.
And I can get you out of your "skinny" condition in 10 days.



"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
world!" says R. F. Kelly,
Physical Director
Atlantic City

Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which
I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned
to die at 11, to the holder of more strength records than any
other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven
its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world.
And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no
matter how fatty or puny you are I can do the same for you
right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring
to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully
satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED
METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

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Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A
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that will surge through your muscles.

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athlete who has earned America's
first prize medal for Physical
Perfection.



REX FERRIS, Champion
Strength Athlete of South Africa.
Rex says: "I owe everything to
Jowett's methods." Look at this
photo—there's evidence of the
Jowett System!

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This amazing book has guided thousands of
weaklings to muscular power. Packed with
photos of miracle men of might and muscle
who started perhaps weaker than you are.
Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in
strength that inspired his pupils to follow
him. They'll show you the best way to
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Send for These
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Think of it—all five of these famous course-books
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Don't let this opportunity get away from you!
And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT
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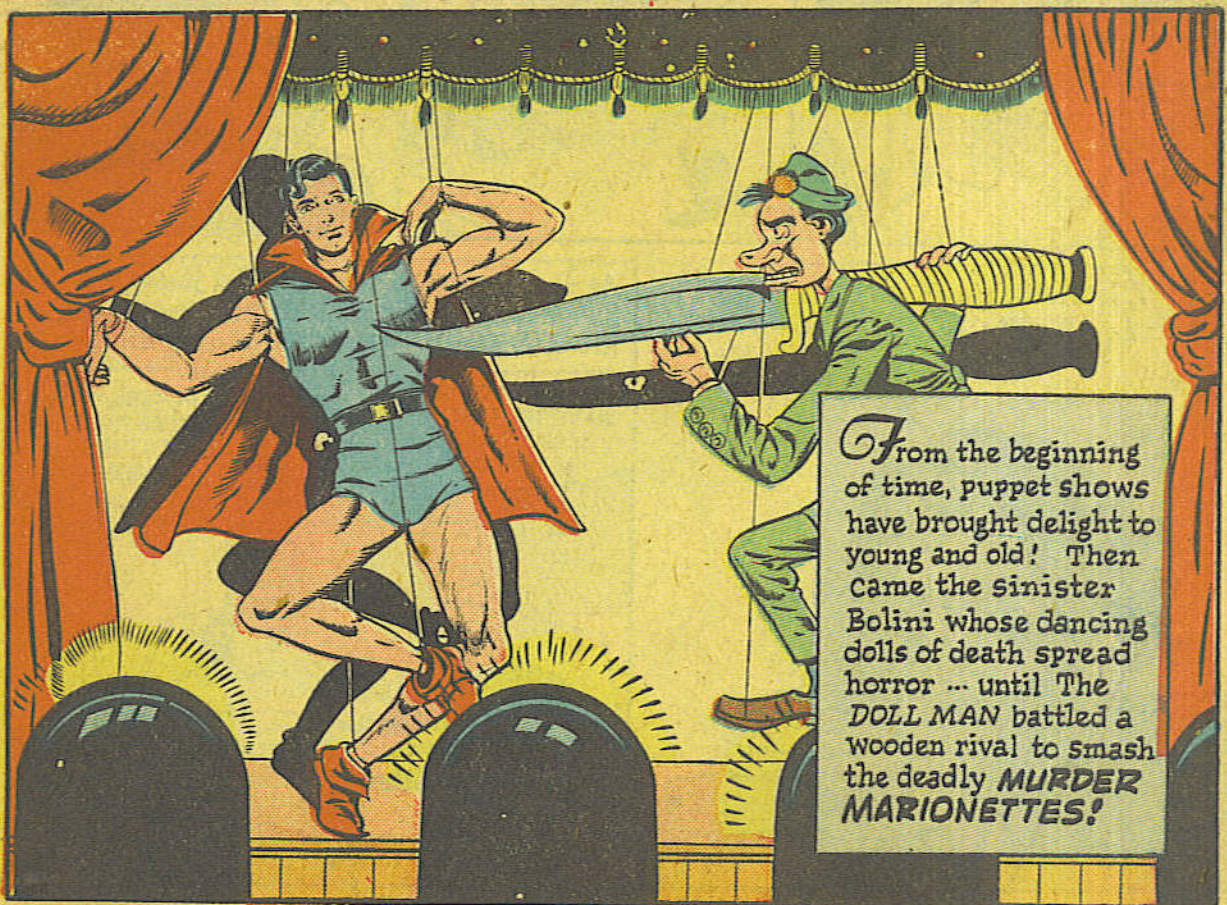
Send all U.S.S. (10¢ extra postage) to the order line
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The DOLL MAN



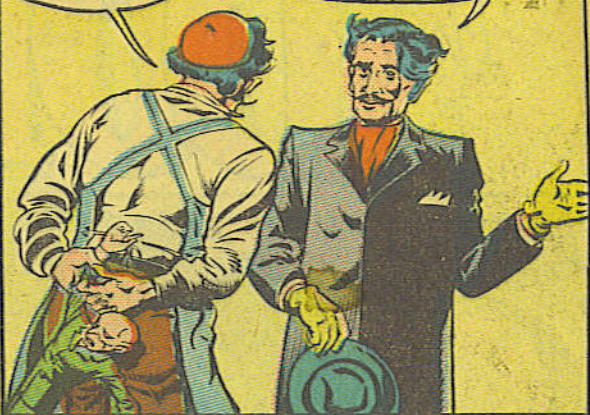
From the beginning of time, puppet shows have brought delight to young and old! Then came the sinister Bolini whose dancing dolls of death spread horror ... until The DOLL MAN battled a wooden rival to smash the deadly **MURDER MARIONETTES!**

THE WORKSHOP OF A TOY MAKER should be a place of joy and happiness!



YOU ... BROTHER PETER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN M' SHOP?

WHY, I CAME TO ASK ONCE MORE IF YOU WOULDN'T COME BACK AND HELP ME OPERATE MY PUPPET SHOW FOR CHILDREN!



WE COULD MAKE CHILDREN SO HAPPY! WITH BOTH OF US, WE COULD DO BETTER PUPPET SHOWS!

PERHAPS I WILL, PETER! BUT FIRST LET ME SHOW YOU THE NEW PUPPET I HAVE CREATED!

WATCH CLOSELY, DEAR BROTHER! CLOSER-- CLOSER...



I DON'T SEE ...AWRRK! FOR THE LOVE OF MERCY!



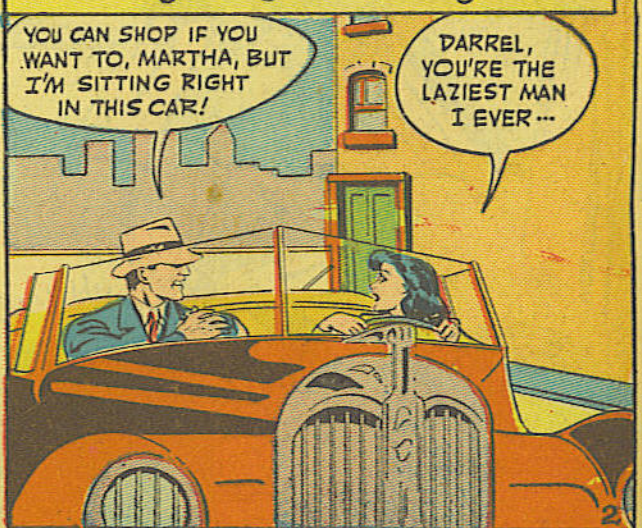
NO! NOT THAT, ANTON! STOP IT! NO!

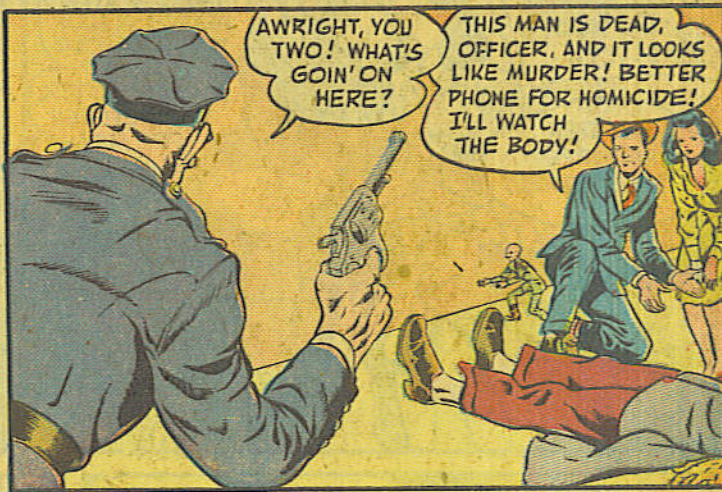
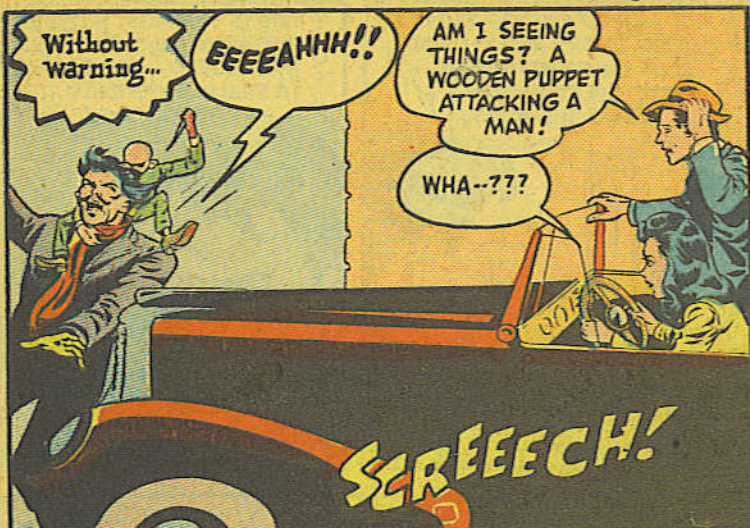


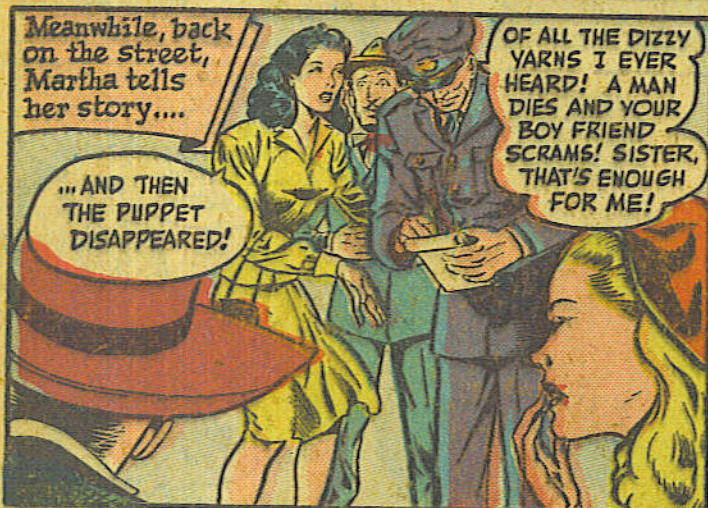
At that moment, Darrel Dane, young scientist, and his fiancée, Martha Roberts, are driving through an adjoining street...

YOU CAN SHOP IF YOU WANT TO, MARTHA, BUT I'M SITTING RIGHT IN THIS CAR!

DARREL, YOU'RE THE LAZIEST MAN I EVER ...







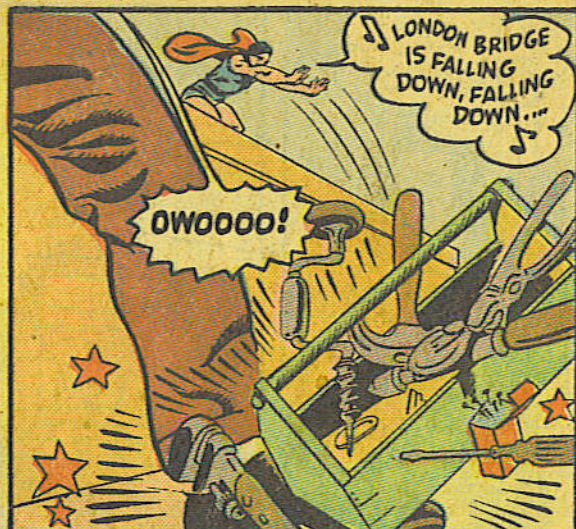
OH...! YOU CAN'T! LET ME GO! I MUST FIND DARREL!

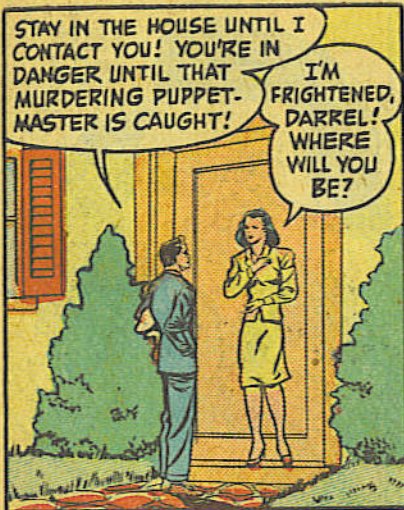


I'M FREE! I'VE GOT TO FIND DARREL! I HAVE AN AWFUL FEELING HE'S IN DANGER OR WILL BE SOON!









STAY IN THE HOUSE UNTIL I CONTACT YOU! YOU'RE IN DANGER UNTIL THAT MURDERING PUPPET-MASTER IS CAUGHT!

I'M FRIGHTENED, DARREL! WHERE WILL YOU BE?

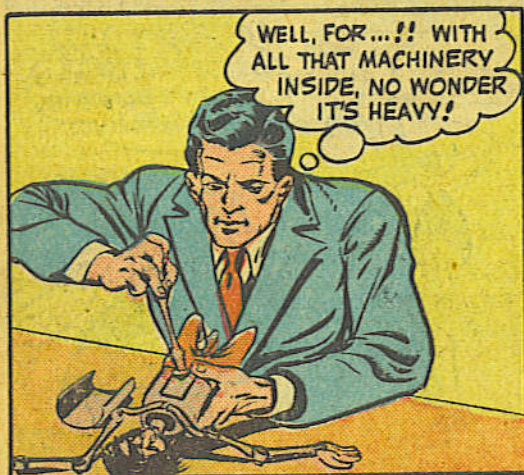


I-ER--AM GOING TO TRY TO HELP THE DOLL MAN! BUT DON'T WORRY--HE'S KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU!

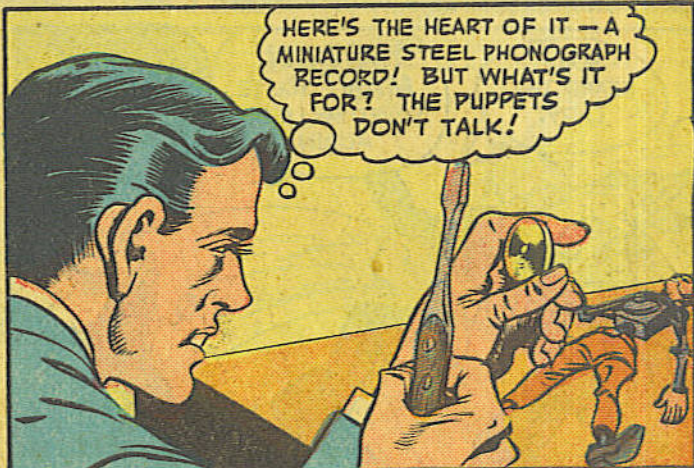
I'M GOING RIGHT TO BED! MY NERVES ARE SHOT!



MY ONLY CLUE TO THE PUPPET-MASTER IS THIS PUPPET--AND I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY IT'S SO HEAVY! PUPPETS ARE USUALLY LIGHT!

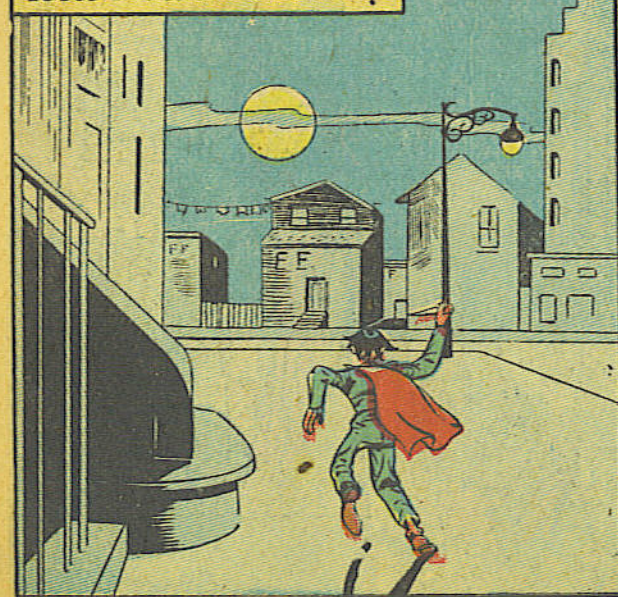


WELL, FOR...?! WITH ALL THAT MACHINERY INSIDE, NO WONDER IT'S HEAVY!



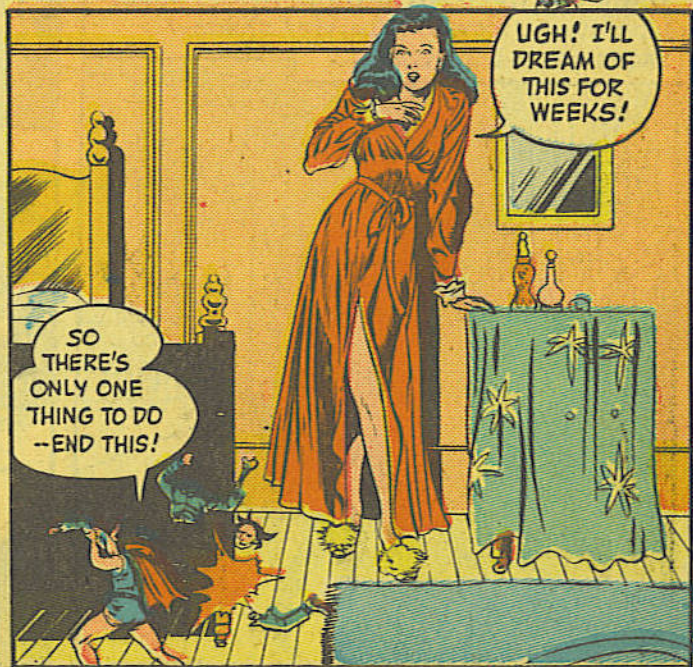
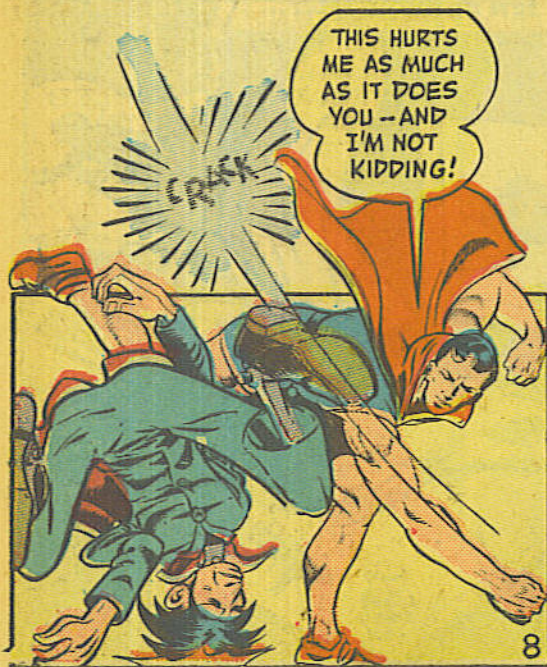
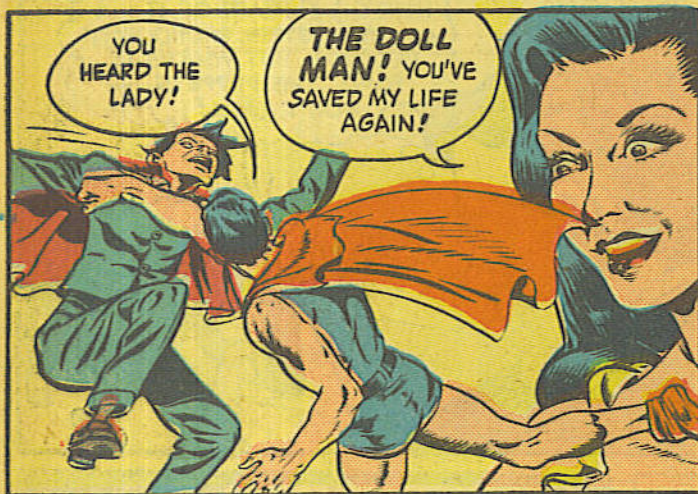
HERE'S THE HEART OF IT--A MINIATURE STEEL PHONOGRAPH RECORD! BUT WHAT'S IT FOR? THE PUPPETS DON'T TALK!

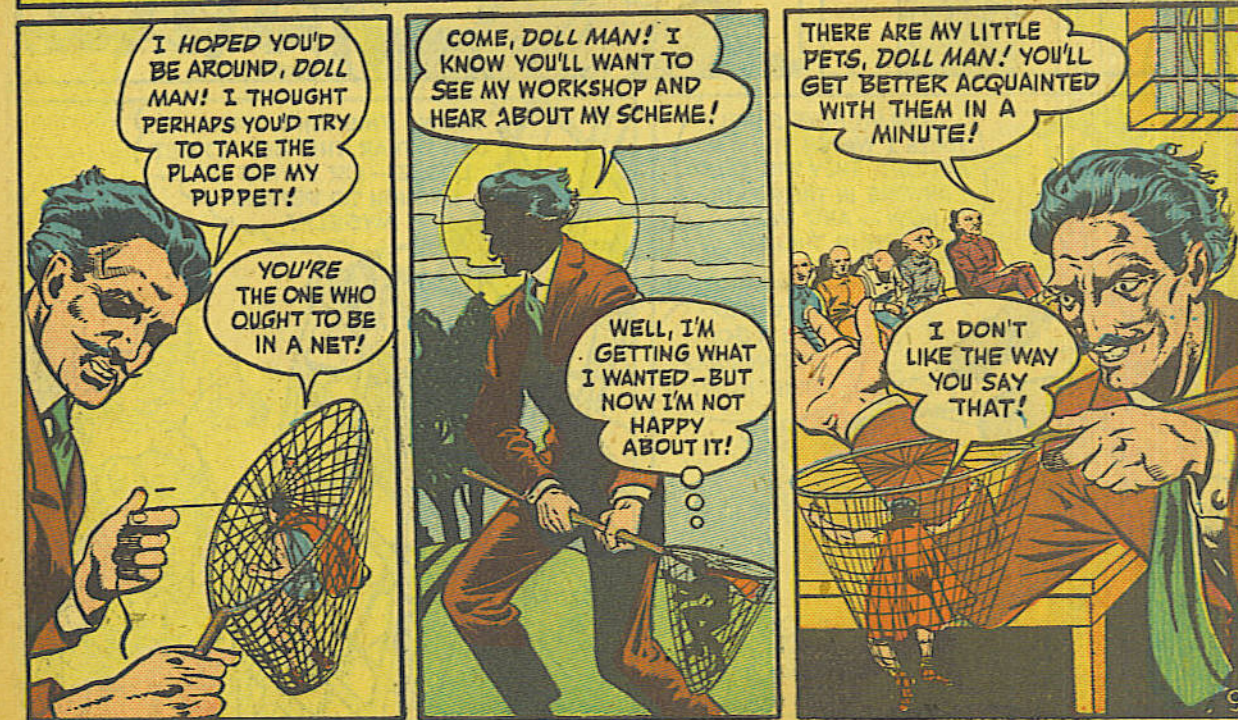
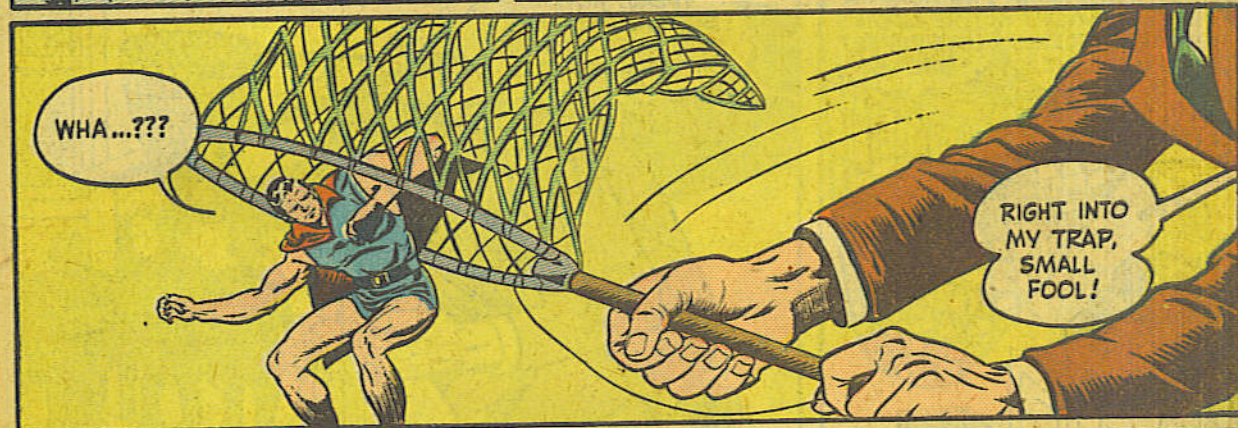
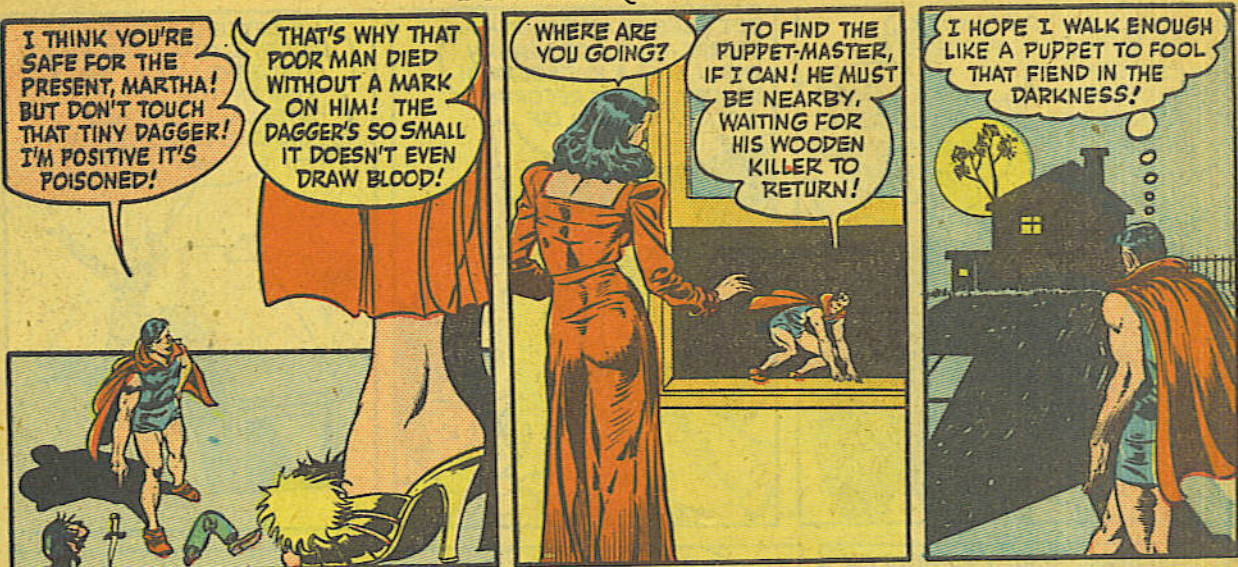
While the light burns on in Darrel Dane's laboratory, a small, sinister shadow races down the street...

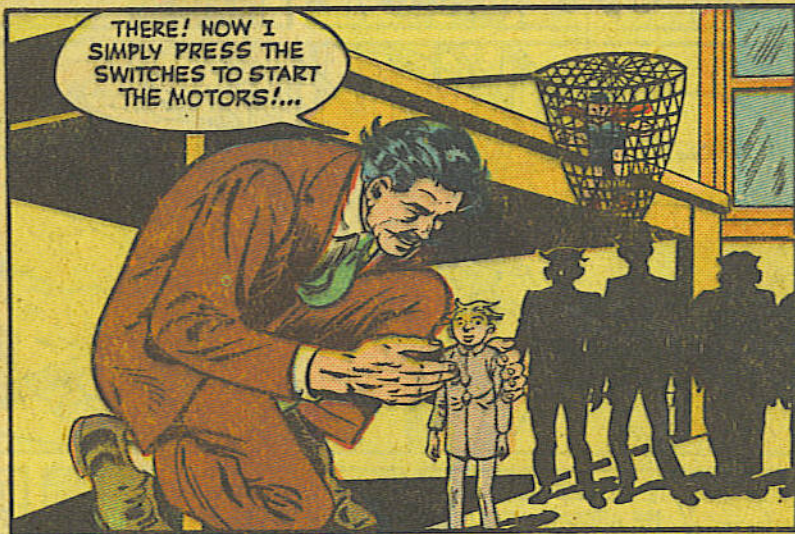


A few minutes later...

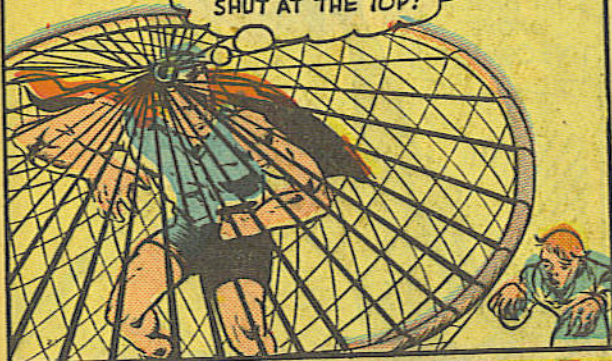








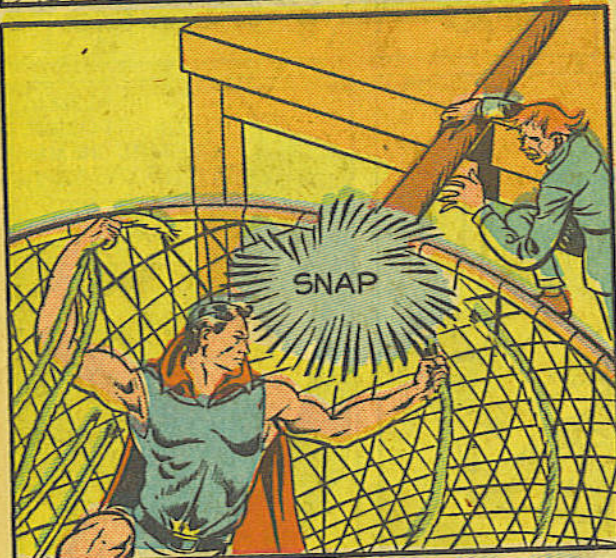
THEY CAN'T REACH ME UP
HERE FOR A MOMENT! MAYBE
I CAN UNTIE THE STRING
THAT HOLDS THIS NET
SHUT AT THE TOP!



YOU ONLY PROLONG THE
SPORT, DOLL MAN! IF
THEY MISS THEIR
VICTIM, THEY WILL
CLIMB TO REACH
HIM!



FROM MY
POINT OF VIEW,
THE LONGER
IT TAKES, THE
BETTER!

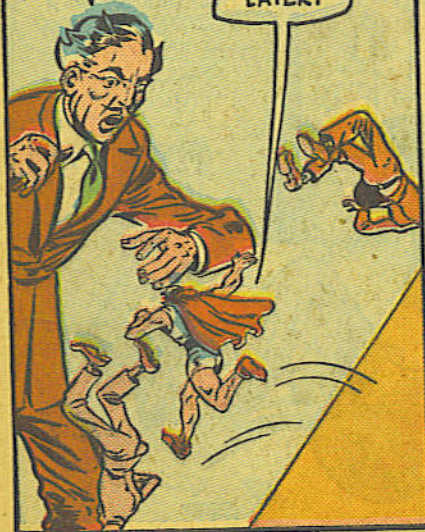


IN FACT, I DON'T
MIND IF THIS TAKES
ALL NIGHT!



HE'S
LOOSE!

SO IS YOUR
MIND--BUT I'LL
GET TO THAT
A BIT LATER!



IT DOESN'T MATTER!
THE DOORS AND
WINDOWS ARE
LOCKED! SOONER
OR LATER YOU'LL
GROW TIRED--
AND THEY'LL
GET YOU!

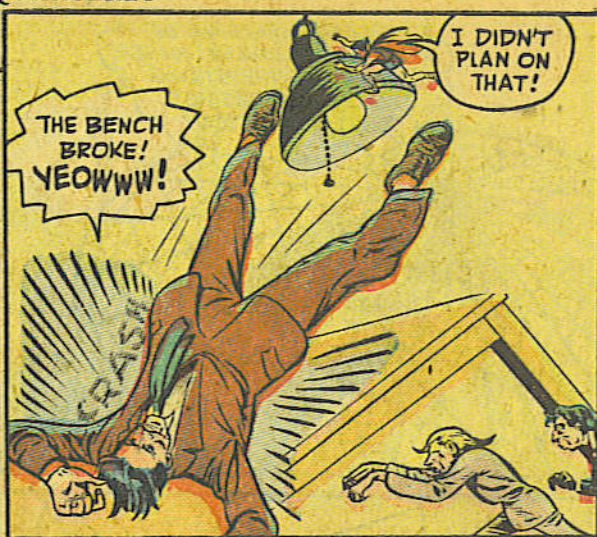
YOU MEAN
THEY'LL FOLLOW
WHEREVER
I GO?



EVEN
UP HERE
WITH
YOU?

YIIIII! GET DOWN!
IF THEY START UP
HERE, THEY'LL TEAR
ME TO PIECES,
TOO!

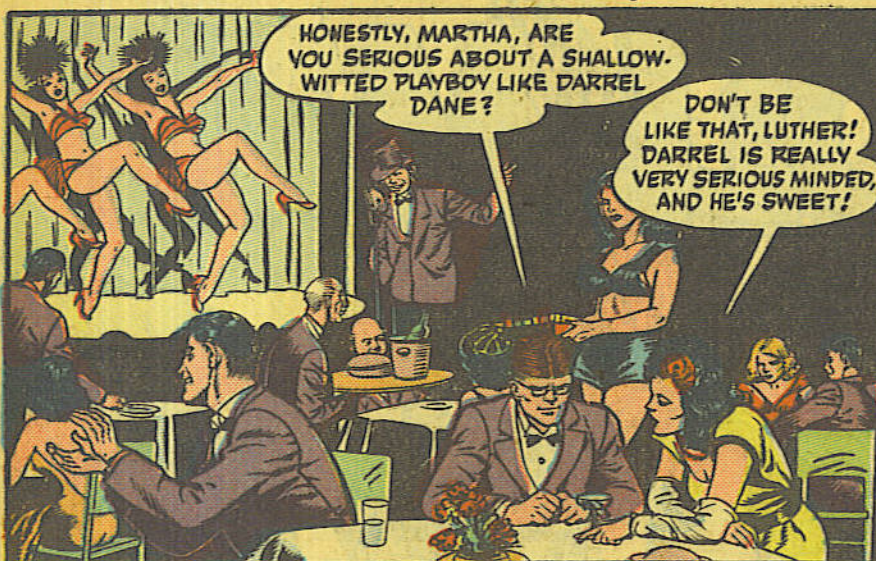




The DOLL MAN



The DOLL MAN, terrible atom of destruction,
again meets a master of DEATH...
The Man Called GRIM!

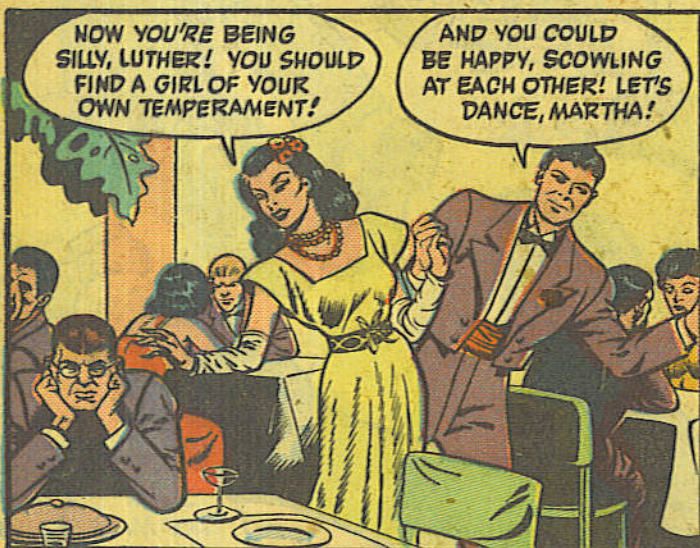


HONESTLY, MARTHA, ARE YOU SERIOUS ABOUT A SHALLOW-WITTED PLAYBOY LIKE DARREL DANE?

DON'T BE LIKE THAT, LUTHER! DARREL IS REALLY VERY SERIOUS MINDED, AND HE'S SWEET!

STILL DISAPPROVE OF THIS SORT OF THING, LUTHER? THEN WHY DO YOU COME HERE?

TO BE NEAR MARTHA! SHE'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU, DARREL, AND SOME DAY SHE'LL REALIZE IT!



NOW YOU'RE BEING SILLY, LUTHER! YOU SHOULD FIND A GIRL OF YOUR OWN TEMPERAMENT!

AND YOU COULD BE HAPPY, SCOWLING AT EACH OTHER! LET'S DANCE, MARTHA!



EMPTY LAUGHTER-- SILLY FUN--NO SERIOUS MOTIVES ...BAH!

I HEARD YOU, YOUNG MAN, AND I AGREE WITH YOU COMPLETELY!



DID YOU SPEAK? I DON'T SEEM TO RECALL--

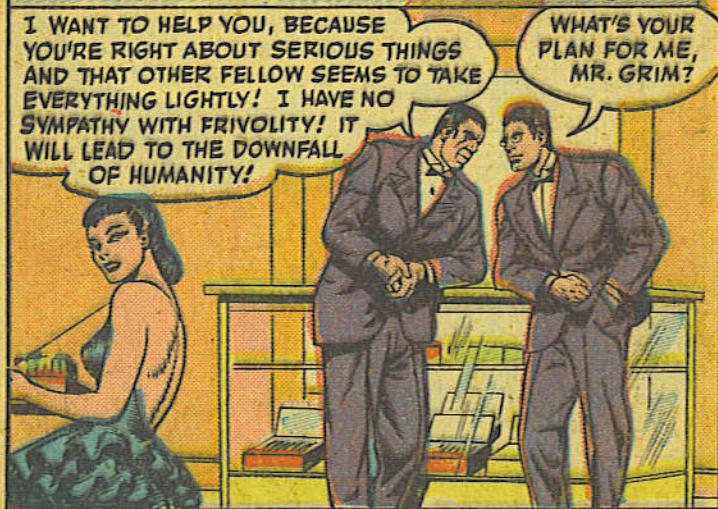
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! MY NAME IS GRIM!



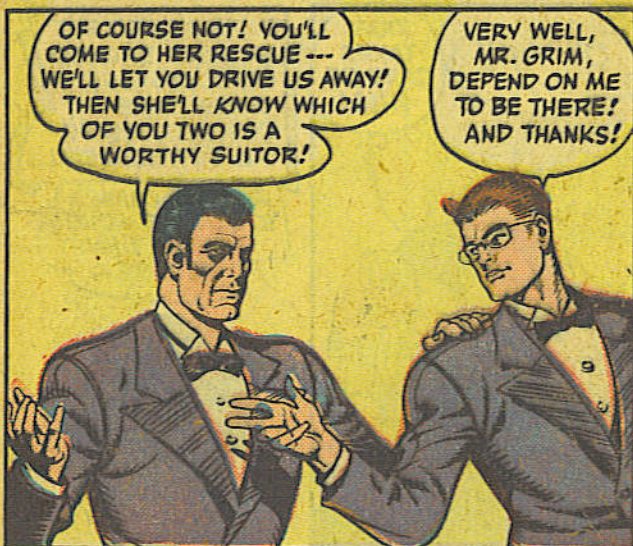
SO WHAT?

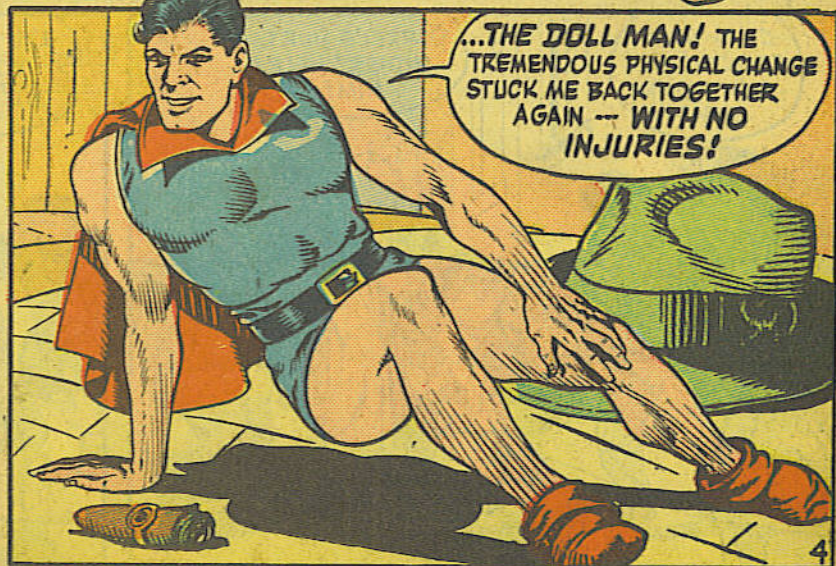
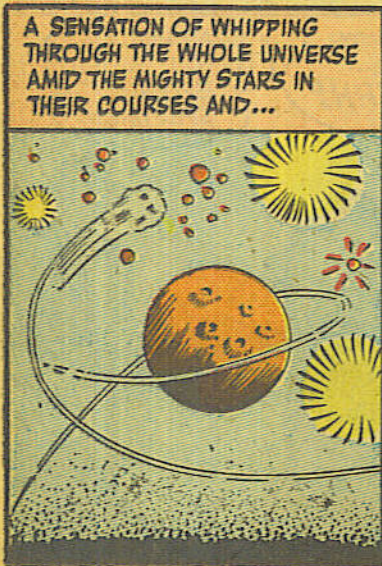
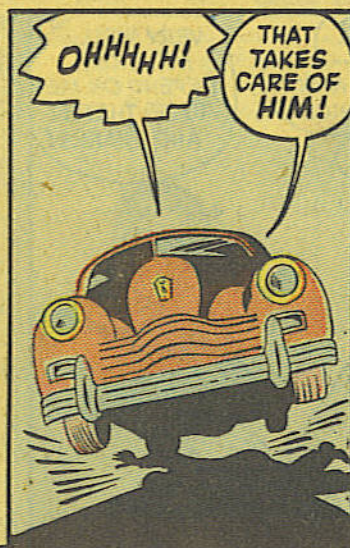
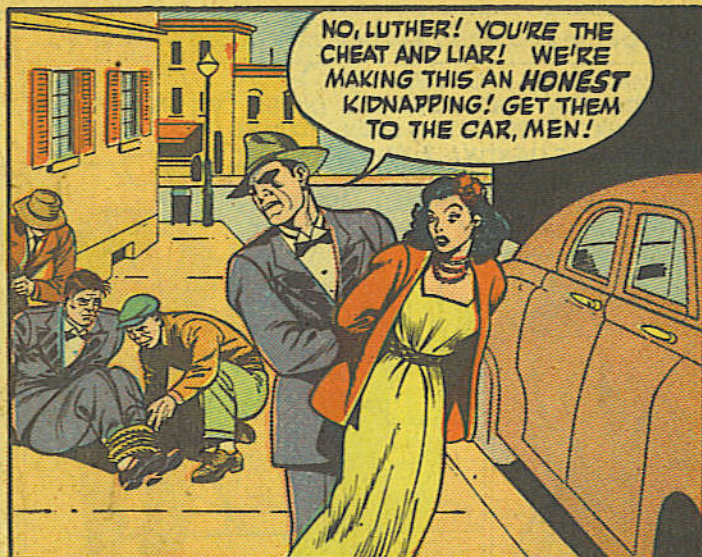
I WANT TO HELP YOU! BUT HERE COME YOUR FRIENDS --- SLIP OUT AND MEET ME NEAR THE CIGAR COUNTER!

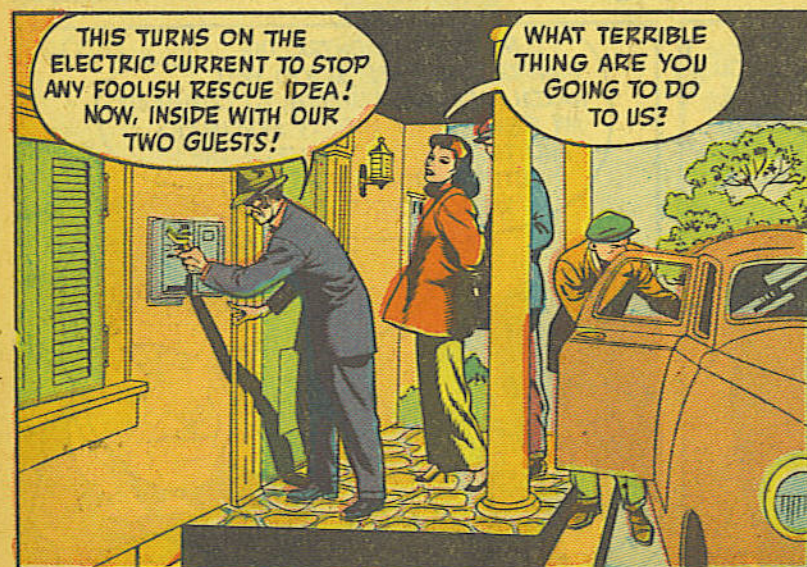
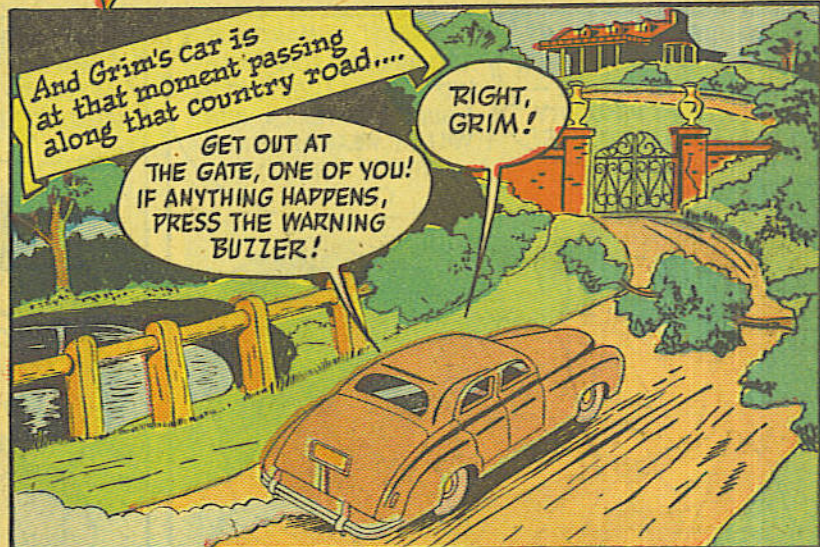
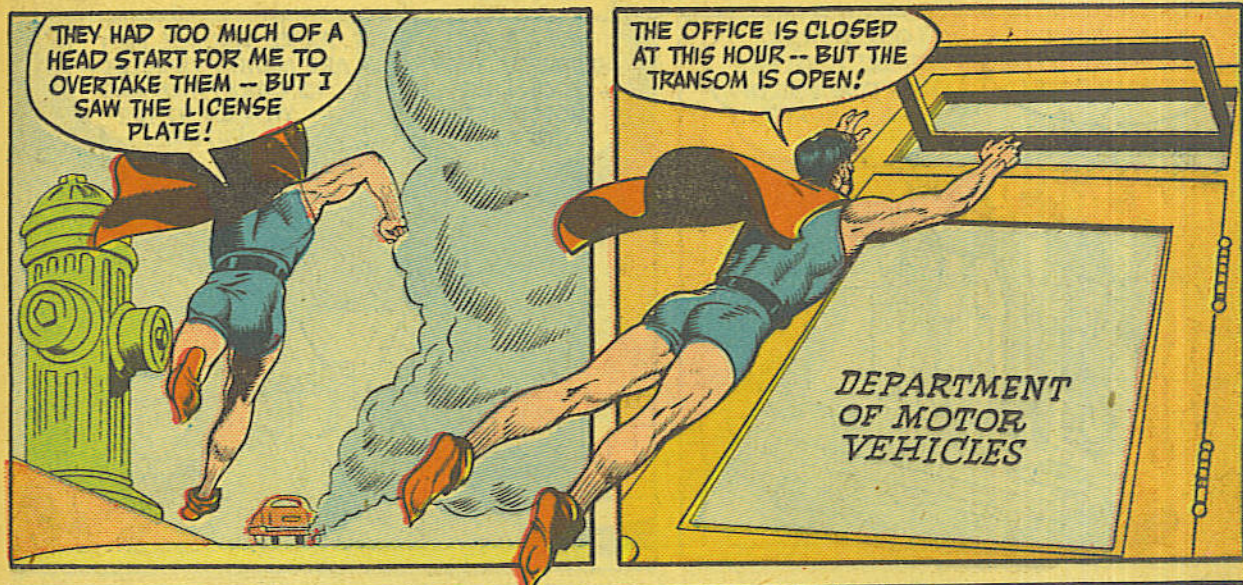
Excusing himself, Luther meets the stranger....

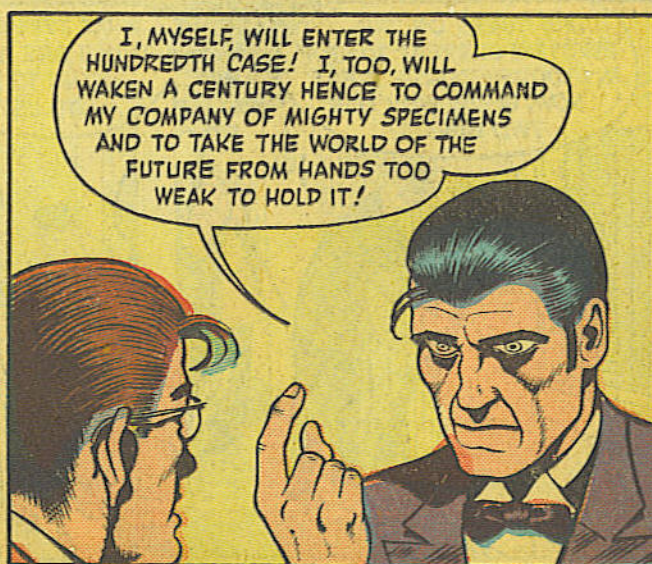
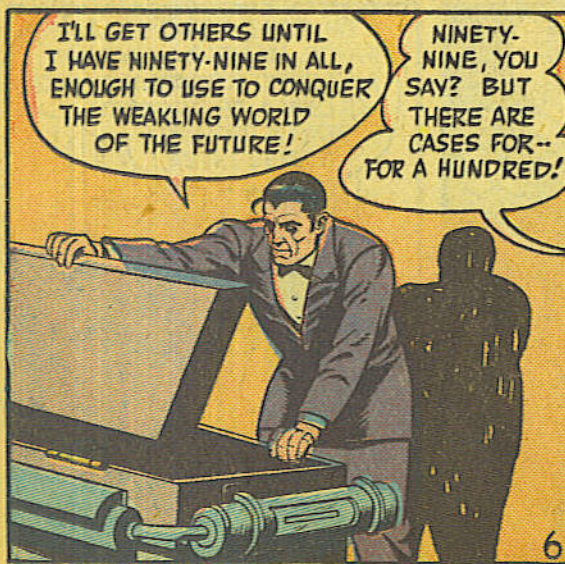


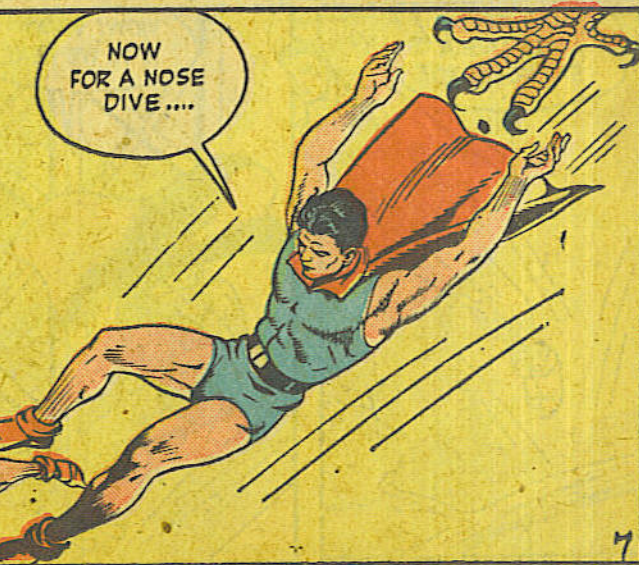
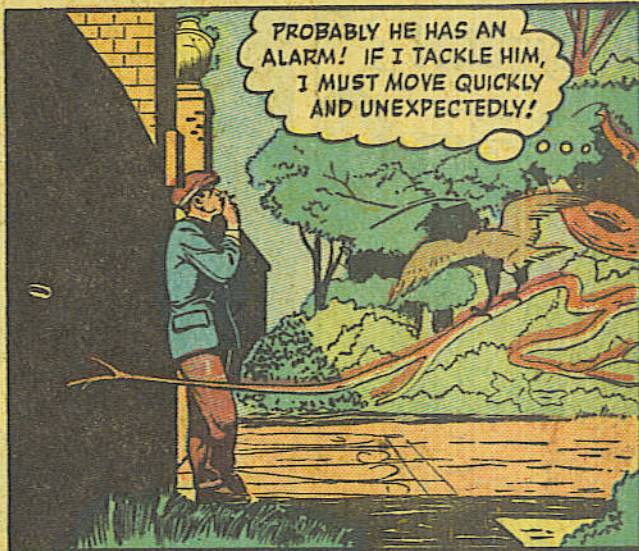
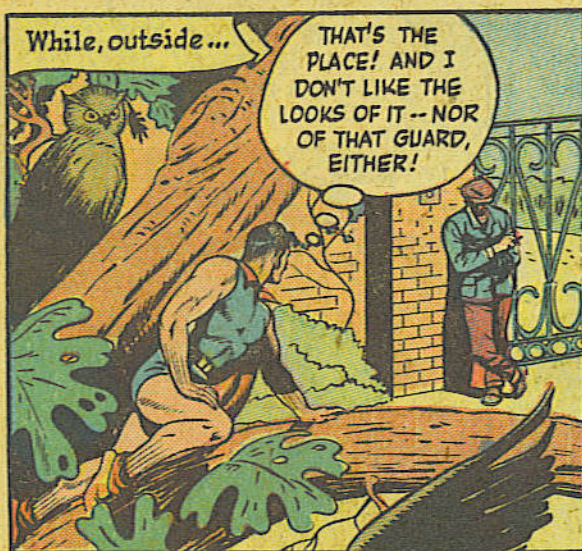
WHEN YOU LEAVE, GET YOUR PARTY TO PASS THE DARK ALLEYWAY TWO BLOCKS DOWN! I'LL GATHER SOME FRIENDS WHO'LL PRETEND TO ATTACK--SLAP DOWN THAT WEAK RIVAL OF YOURS -- PRETEND TO KIDNAP THE GIRL!

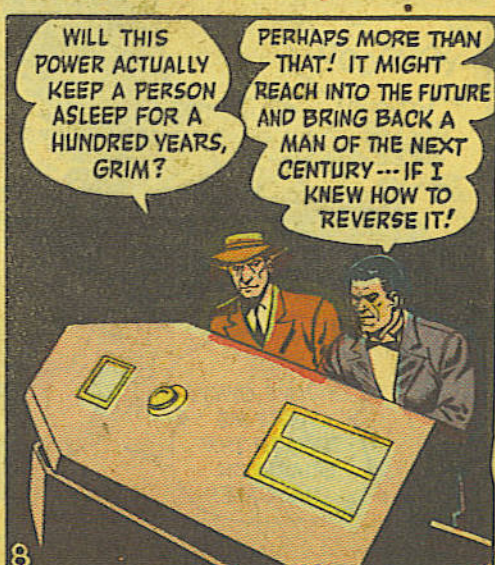
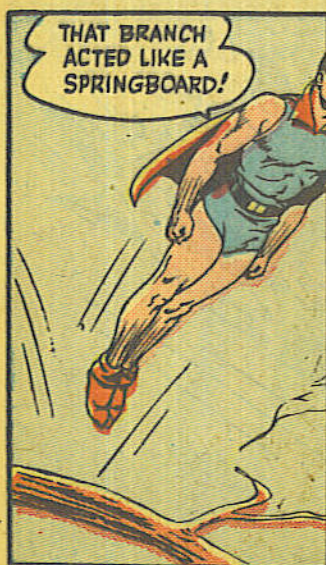
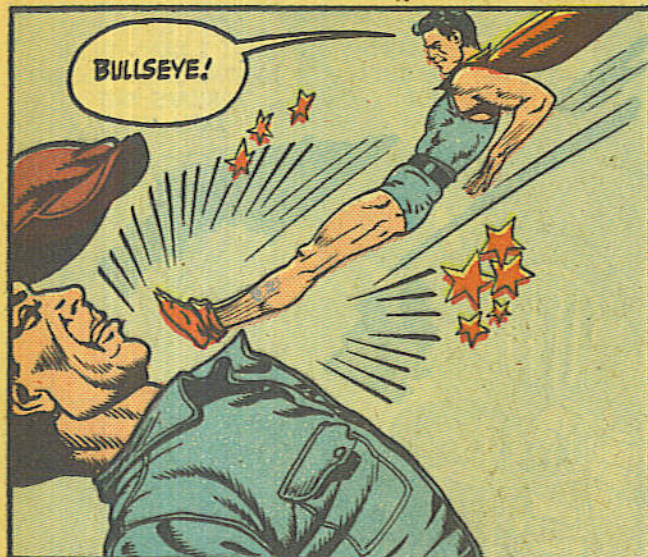














WHO ARE YOU CALLING A PUNY WEAKLING?



OF COURSE, I'M TRUE! I DIDN'T BOB UP HERE TO FOOL ANYBODY!



DON'T GET THE IDEA THAT YOU CAN SNEER AT ME!



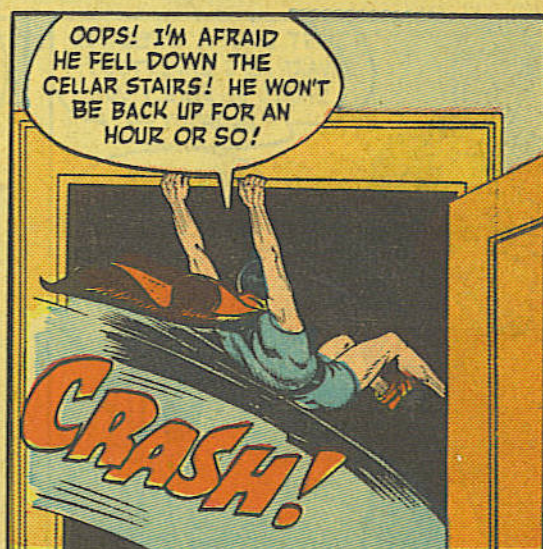
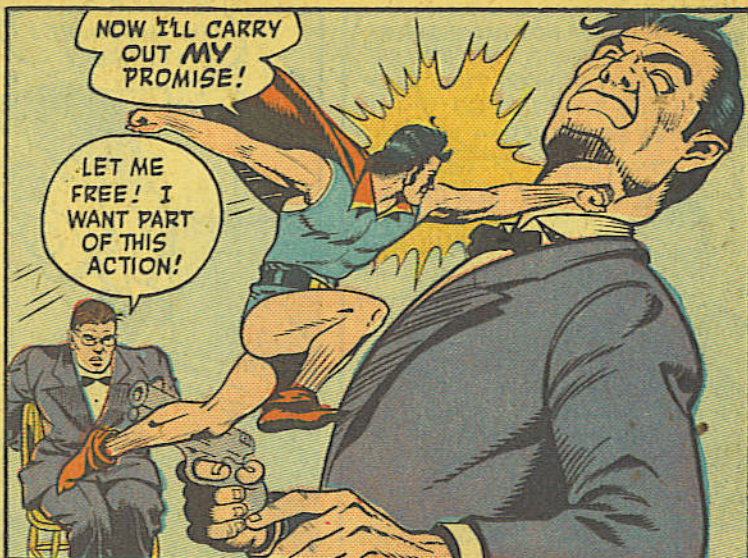
SLAP THE PYGMY DOWN! IT'LL BE A SMALL JOB!

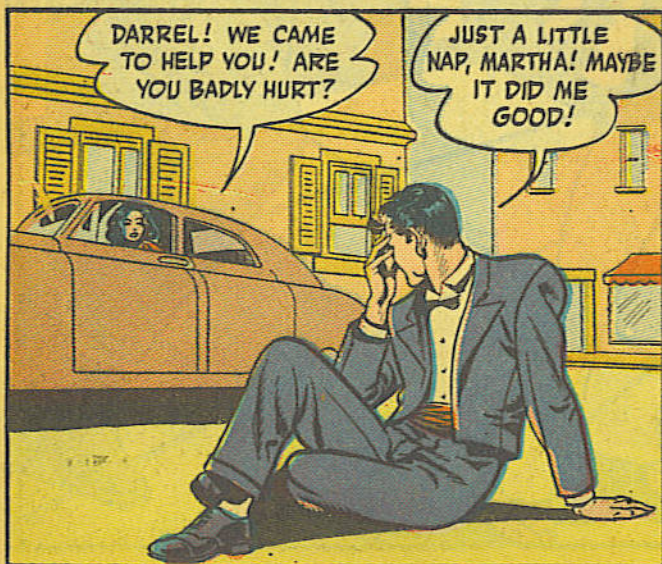
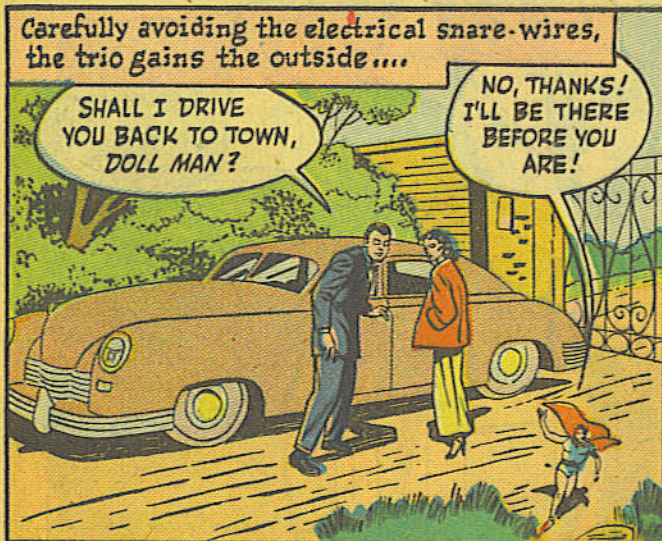
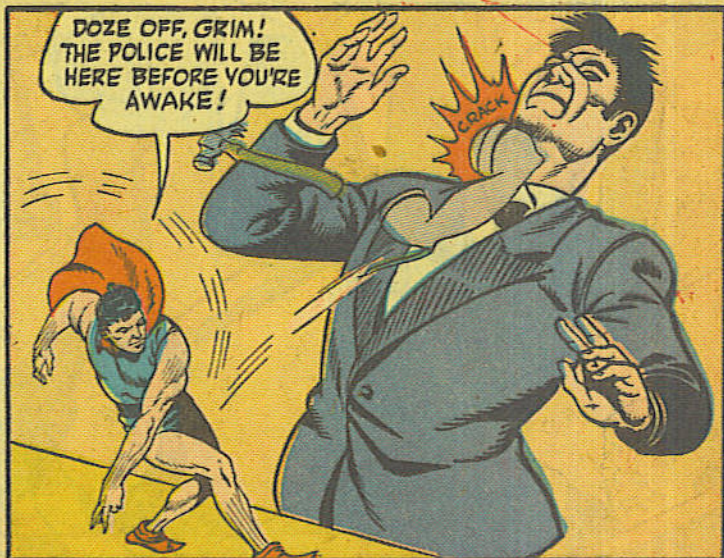


CLUMSY CLOD! YOU COULDN'T MOVE FAST ENOUGH TO HIT A SOUR NOTE!



HEY, GRIM ... I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE'D BE WEAK!





MARTHA



WHY was the life mask of jurymen Randolph so strangely mutilated? Nothing was touched—except the ears! For some perverse reason, the ears were destroyed!

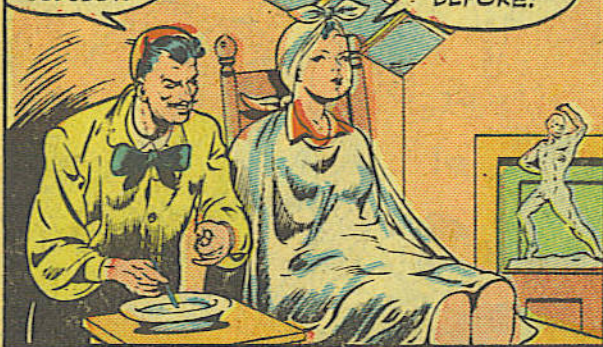
You'll have fun trying to guess the answer with Martha Roberts as she attempts to solve

The Riddle of the Missing Ears!

Underneath the plaster of paris cast is Martha Roberts, Darrel Dane's fiancée...

MADemoiselle weel make a mos' interesting subject!

I've never had a life mask made before!



HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO MAKE THE IMPRESSION?

NOT VER' LONG, MADemoiselle! ZEN I weel perfect it--AND CAST ZE BEAUTIFUL LIKENESS! ZEN ZE WIG AND ZE FLESH COLORING!



VOILA! I PROMISE EET weel LOOK MORE LIKE YOU THAN YOU DO! DE LANDRY'S LIFE MASKS ARE FAMOUS FOR ZE ACCURACY IN EVERY DETAIL!



SOMEONE CAME IN! EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!



WHY, THAT'S TRIGGER ZERLIN!

WHAT EES IT YOU WANT?

JUST STAY OUT OF THE WAY! START SEARCHING, BOYS!



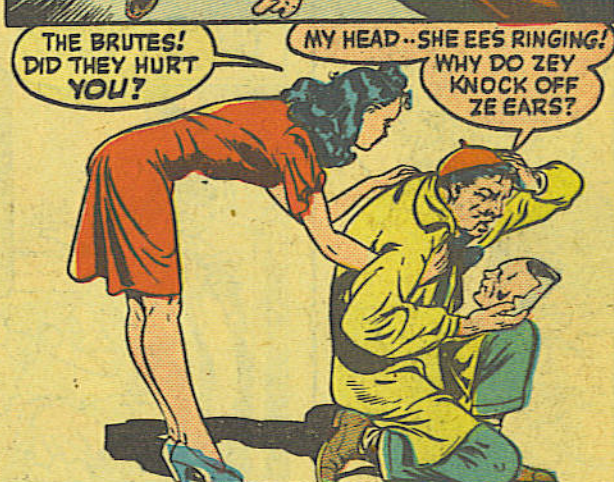
I FOUND IT!

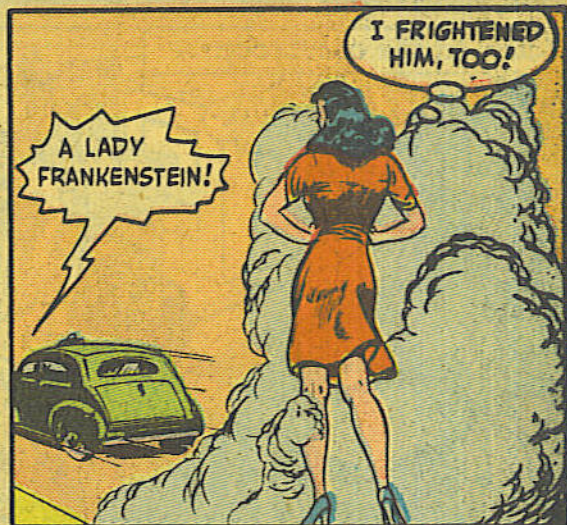
I MUST DELIVER ZAT LIFE MASK TODAY! PUT EET DOWN!

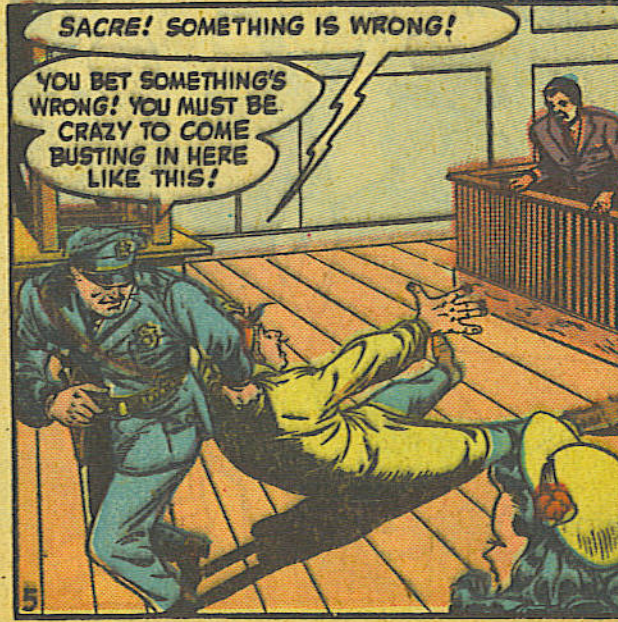


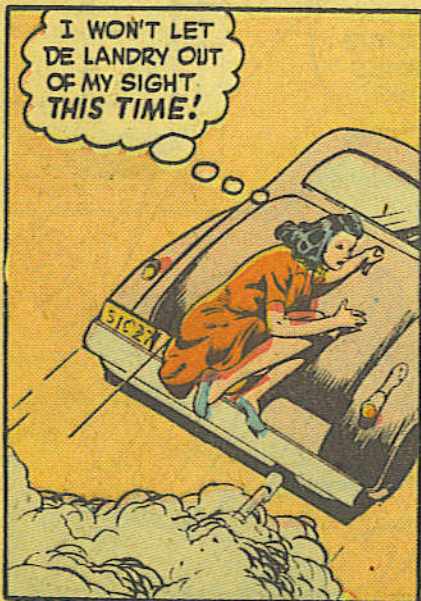
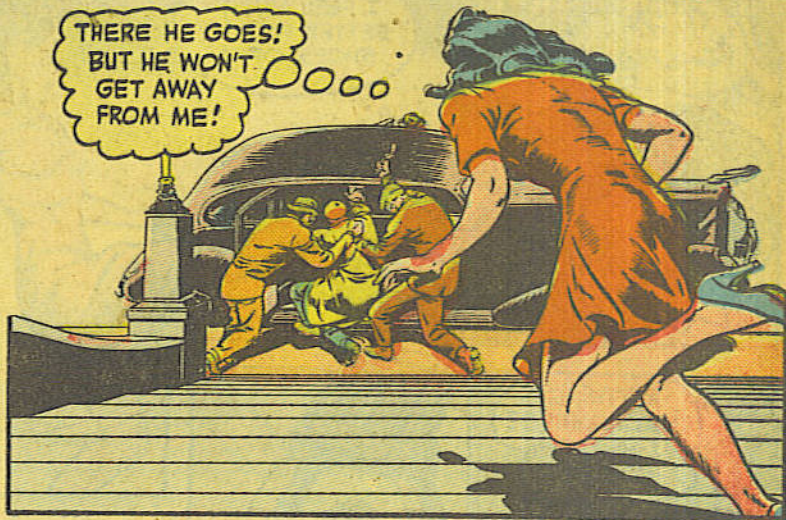
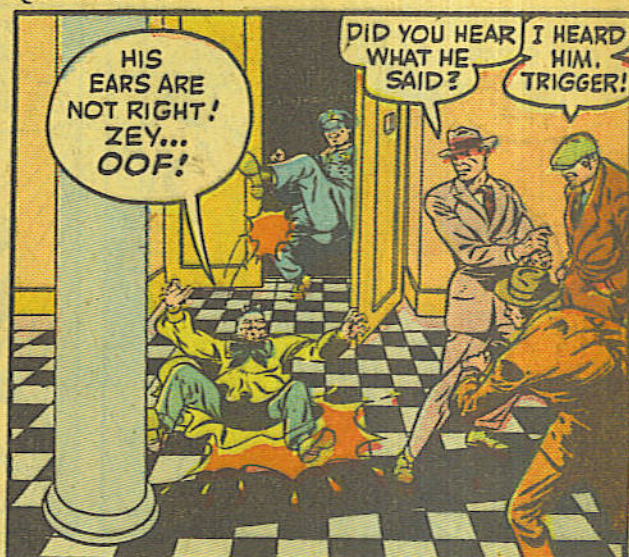
DON'T START TROUBLE, FRENCHY!

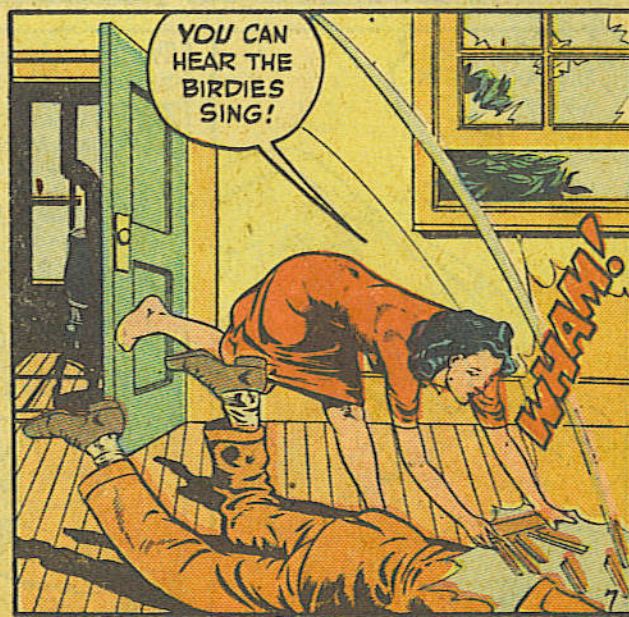
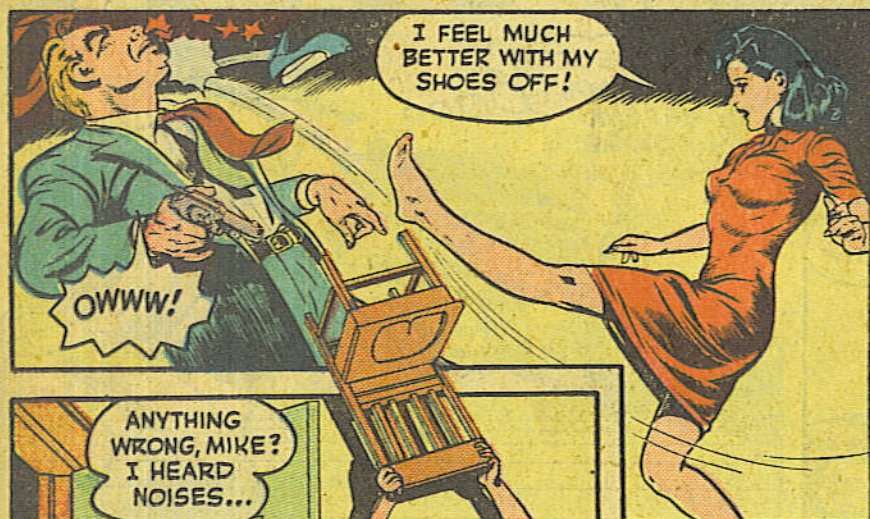
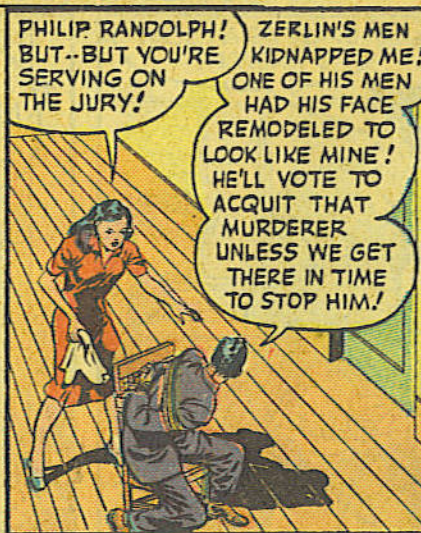












Later, as a crowded courtroom awaits the verdict...

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT NOT...

NO, YOU DON'T!

THIS IS THE REAL PHILIP RANDOLPH, YOUR HONOR! THE FOREMAN OF YOUR JURY IS A FAKE!

GOOD HEAVENS!

DON'T LET ZERLIN GET AWAY! HE'S THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS SCHEME!

When the conspirators have been taken to jail...

HIS HENCHMAN THREATENED—IF FOUND GUILTY—TO INVOLVE ZERLIN! SO ZERLIN PLANTED ONE OF HIS OWN MEN ON THE JURY TO MAKE SURE THERE WOULDN'T BE A GUILTY VERDICT! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WASN'T REALLY PHILIP RANDOLPH?

I DIDN'T KNOW! BUT THEY WERE AFRAID DE LANDRY'S LIFE MASK WOULD GIVE AWAY A SECRET! SO—

THE PLASTIC SURGEON CHANGED THE DOUBLE'S FACE TO LOOK LIKE RANDOLPH! BUT HE COULDN'T CHANGE HIS EARS! AND HUMAN EARS ARE JUST LIKE FINGERPRINTS—THERE ARE NO TWO EXACTLY ALIKE!

ZE DE LANDRY LIFE MASKS ARE FAMOUS FOR ZE ACCURACY IN EVERY DETAIL!

I SEE! ZERLIN FEARED SOMEONE WOULD COMPARE RANDOLPH'S PICTURE AND HIS LIFE MASK AND SO DISCOVER THEIR SCHEME! THAT'S WHY THEY... UH... KNOCKED THE EARS OFF THE MASK!

A MOST UNUSUAL CASE! YOU SHOULD BE A DETECTIVE, YOUNG LADY!

IT IS AN EXCITING LIFE! BUT THERE ARE DRAWBACKS! I DON'T THINK, FOR EXAMPLE, THAT I SHALL EVER LOOK AT ANYBODY'S EARS IN QUITE THE SAME WAY AGAIN!

One-Eye Gets His Man

THE two white men paddled madly down the roaring stretch of white water. The Rat River was at its worst. Banning, in the bow of the canoe, and Russel, his companion, handled the blades as if they knew all about it. They did.

They knew about something else, too. They had killed a man. They had killed him in cold blood, while he slept. Now they were getting away with the gold they had stolen from him.

Banning kept tossing affrighted looks over his shoulder. Russel scoffed at such tactics. Who was there to put the finger on them? Nobody except an Indian or two knew that they had even been in the north. The Indians didn't matter.

The two men paddled until it grew too dark to see the shores of the river, then they slid into a deep bank where the trees stood thick, and beached their craft.

In a moment they had a small fire going, just enough to cook their evening meal. It would not do to build a roaring fire, even though it was rather cold for summer; no sense guiding anybody to their camp.

While Russel prepared the meal, Banning cleaned their rifles, saw that they were well oiled and loaded, and then cut some balsam boughs for their bedrolls. One of them would have to remain awake through part of the night; then the other must take over. Take no chances, that was Banning's motto.

The man these two men had killed was Pete DePaw, a half breed Frenchman trapper who had stumbled upon a rich vein of gold while running his trapline. Pete had talked one evening in a Post. Banning had heard and, being what he was, laid plans to do away with Pete and take his gold.

Banning had taken his partner into the deal. Russel was for taking the gold but he was much against killing. But a strange thing had happened after they had knifed Pete DePaw. Banning had done the actual murder. But Russel, from a rather fearful, law-abiding chap, had become the cold-blooded one, scoffing at Banning for his casting glances backward.

Banning couldn't figure out Russel. Banning was an old hand on the northern trails; Russel was comparatively new. Both had unsavory backgrounds, Banning having been in prison once for manslaughter in the States. He didn't know much about Russel.

One-Eye, a Cree Indian, had found Pete lying in a welter in his cabin, the knife sticking out of his back. He quickly took in the scene. One-Eye knew that Pete had gold stashed in his cabin; he had seen it. Now there was only a bare hole in the floor.

Indian-like, One-Eye began a minute search of the Frenchman's premises. First he looked for tracks, but there were none since the ground was hard frozen. His sharp one eye scanned the place with the thoroughness of a trained detective, but he found nothing. Not at first.

One-Eye kept at his job for a full hour. He had much patience. There was no hurry. The Red Coats should be notified of this crime, but he wanted first to pin the guilt upon someone; then he would go to headquarters with this information.

But One-Eye hadn't counted upon one thing: the law finding him in the dead man's cabin. Exactly that happened. One-Eye was caught, red-handed by one Inspector Rayton of the Royal Mounted.

"So, One-Eye," said the Mountie, "you're a murderer now. I always did say you'd do something that'd put you behind bars. This looks more like a rope around your neck."

"I not kill Pete, Inspector," said the Indian quietly. "I find him dead here and try to find who killum."

The inspector didn't like One-Eye, the Indian being too clever for his own good. He was, in the Mountie's eyes, a trouble-maker albeit a good trapper. One-Eye always had the best traplines.

"Well, One-Eye, let's move along."

"I come," said the Indian, "but I not kill Pete. You see."

One-Eye was lodged in the tiny cell at the Post pending the arrival of officers from headquarters toward the south. He fretted inside.

Outwardly he was calm. Because he knew that he wouldn't stay in that cell long. Once on the trail he would have ample opportunity of getting away. . . .

He didn't have to wait long. A day later, several officers arrived from the south to take him back for trial. One-Eye asked for one thing before going with the Mounties, that was permission to look over Pete's cabin once more.

"Sure, why not?" said one of the officers. "Murderers always want to visit the scene of their crimes. Let's go!"

They went back to Pete's cabin, and one of them entered with him. Things were as they had been. Nothing had been touched. Pete's body had been removed and that was all. One-Eye fell to his knees and studied the floor very carefully. At last, in the pile of earth he was rewarded. He saw what he wanted to see. Rising, he said he was ready.

It was a long sledge trek south to headquarters. The dogs were fresh and they made good time. Mile after mile slipped backward. All the time One-Eye thought and thought. He had an idea, but how was he going to execute it? His suspicions were now confirmed, but there was no way to convince the Mounties. Yes, there was one way, but it loomed as a near-impossibility. Maybe something would happen. . . .

A storm blew up within the next mile and the blasts ripping down over the tundras obliterated their trail. The snow came fast, stinging the men's faces like buckshot. One-Eye plodded along on his tamarack snowshoes, two officers in front and one behind him. It was during such a storm that a getaway might be effected.

One-Eye watched his chance. Then, during a particularly violent blast of wind and snow, he slipped away across the fast-piling snow and was lost in the night. His disappearance was discovered soon afterward but there was nothing the men could do. Tracks vanished almost as soon as they were made.

One-Eye made haste, in the long-striding, tireless fashion of the northern Indians, and he put many miles between himself and the Mounties. He was free!

Yet not for freedom alone had One-Eye made his escape. There was something else. He knew that he'd be picked up sooner or later. But he had an idea that if things worked out as he hoped, the law would not want him.

The storm grew worse and it became terribly

cold. One-Eye kept on, breathing hard but not tiring.

It was toward morning when Banning awoke and raised his head from the snow covered sleeping bag. The fire was still blazing; they had piled on a great heap of boughs. Russel slept not far away.

Suddenly Banning heard a cry. He heard his name called out in French. He jerked erect, going for his gun. It was frost covered and he feared to use it because a frosted gun sometimes bursts when fired. But there went the call again. Banning! Who could it be?

An apparition abruptly appeared at the edge of the trees, not twenty feet away from the two men.

"You killed me!" came the weird voice. "You murdered me in cold blood! I am here to haunt you!"

"Russel!" screamed Banning. "Wake up, Russel!"

The other man stirred, sat up. When he saw the figure not far away he gave a gasp: "Pete DePaw!"

"You fool!" shouted Banning. "It ain't Pete. Pete's dead!"

"I am dead, yes," came the tired voice. "You killed me. But I'll haunt you the rest of your lives!"

"Russel!" shouted Banning. "Shoot him. Shoot him!"

Banning grabbed his gun out and pulled the trigger a moment before Russel grabbed his hand. "Are you crazy?"

But the deed was done. Banning's gun exploded and half of Banning's hand vanished in the blast. A piece of steel struck him on the forehead and he fell backwards on his sleeping bag, out.

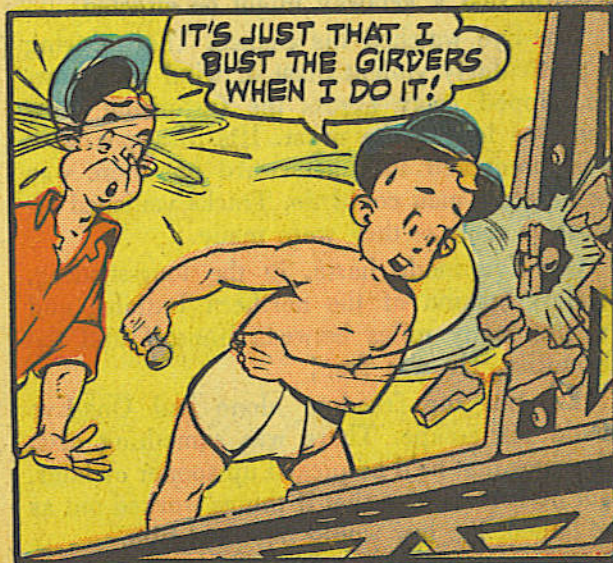
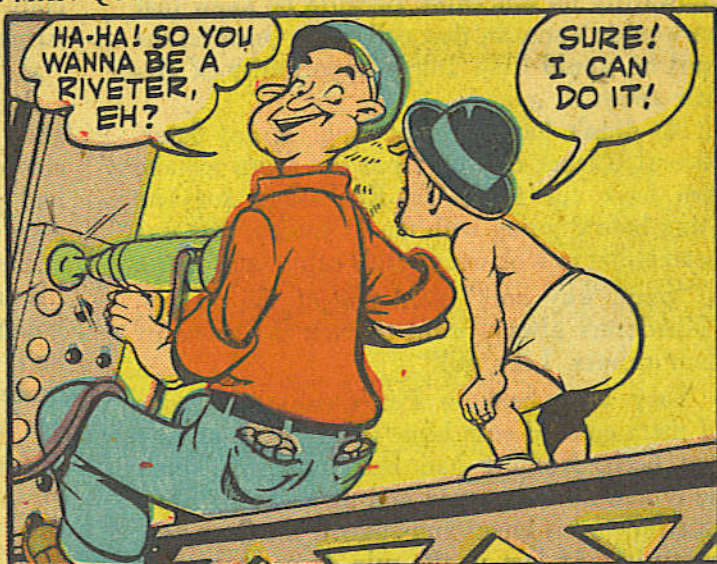
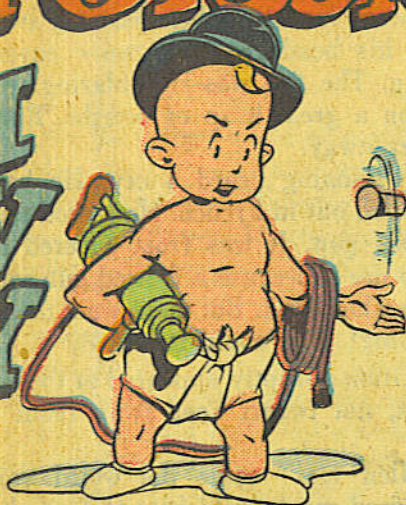
The figure rushed forward, rifle aimed. "Hold it, Russel!" It was One-Eye. "I found a footprint of a factory shoe in the dirt of Pete's floor. I knew it was one or both of you."

One-Eye tied up Russel and then Banning, who was still unconscious. Then he went in search of the Mounties. He found them an hour later, slowly making their way towards the murderers' campfire, which they had seen earlier.

They soon had a confession from Russel and the two men, one of them badly injured, were on their way south to the trial. One-Eye was happy.

POISON

IVY



The Doll Man



To **SPORT GURK**, everything was an exciting gamble! He'd bet a man's life on the flip of a coin!

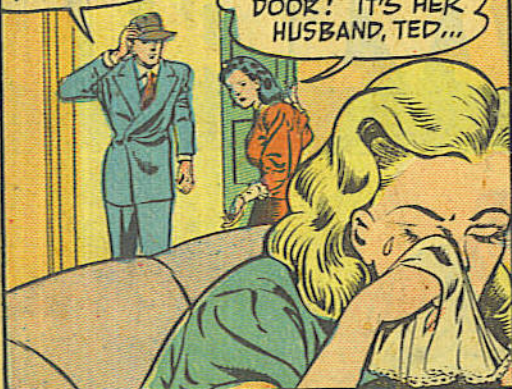
But when he quit matching pennies and started matching **WITS** with **The DOLL MAN**, he found a two-headed quarter wasn't enough to uphold his reputation as...

The GOOD SPORT!

Almost every evening Darrel Dane calls on his fiancée, Martha Roberts...

HELLO, MARTHA! HEY, WHAT'S WRONG?

COME IN, DARREL! YOU REMEMBER MRS. FERRIS, NEXT DOOR! IT'S HER HUSBAND, TED...



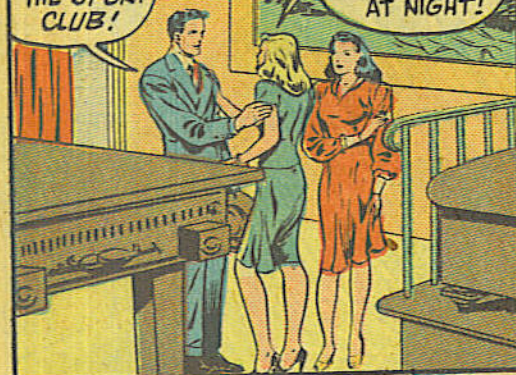
HE'S BEEN ACTING ODD LATELY! AND HE SPENDS EVERY NIGHT AT THAT SPORT CLUB PLACE!

SHE'S AFRAID HE'LL LOSE HIS JOB AT THE BANK IF THEY HEAR ABOUT IT! THAT'S A GAMBLING CLUB!



I'D HATE TO SEE TED IN TROUBLE! I'LL GO DOWN AND HAVE A TALK WITH HIM AT THE SPORT CLUB!

OH, IF YOU WOULD, I'D BE SO GRATEFUL! HE NEVER USED TO GO OUT AT NIGHT!



I'VE BEEN HOPING FOR AN EXCUSE LIKE THIS TO GET INTO THE SPORT CLUB! SPORT GURK NEEDS INVESTIGATING, IF RUMOR IS RIGHT!

SPORT CLUB



FROM WHAT I HEAR, HE HAS HIS FINGER IN PLENTY OF CRIME-PIES... INCLUDING MURDER!



AWRIGHT, DOPEY.. WHERE D'YUH THINK YOU'RE GOIN'? DIS AIN'T DA PUBLIC LIBRARY!

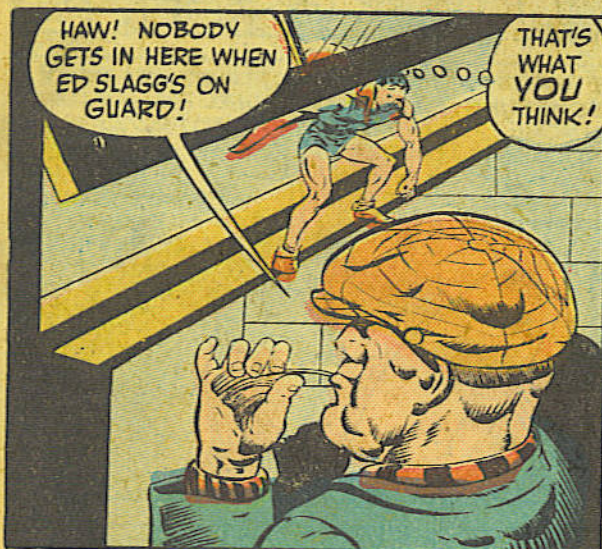
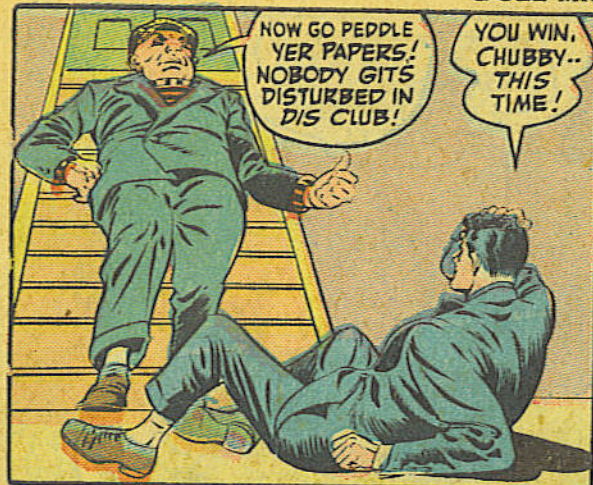
I WANT TO SEE A FRIEND, TED FERRIS, UPSTAIRS! HE...

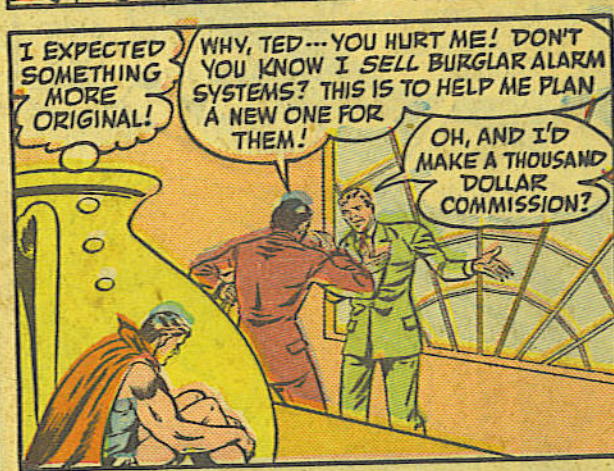


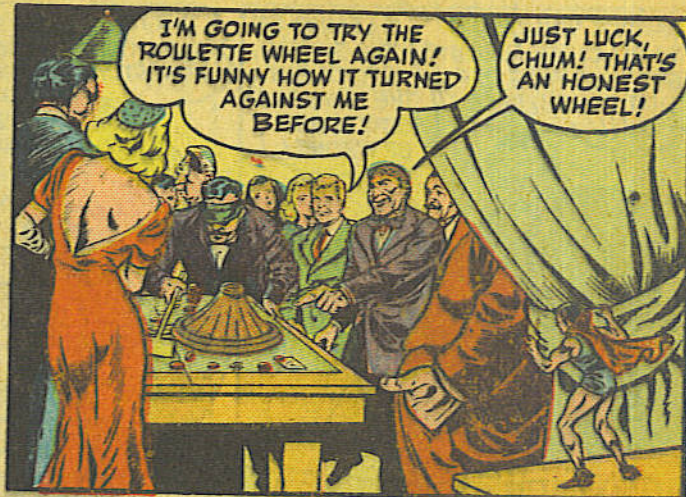
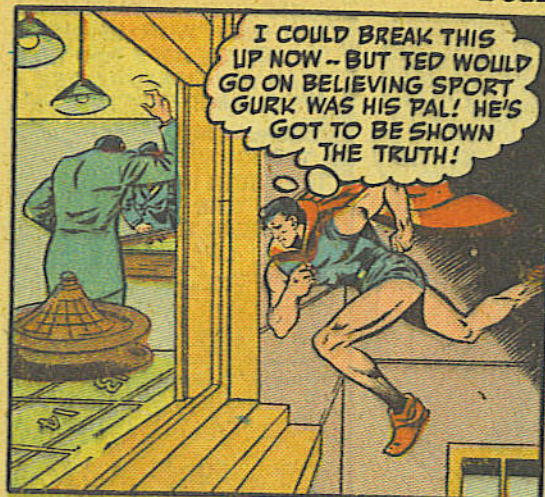
G'WAN! DIS IS A PRIVATE CLUB AND NOBODY BUT MEMBERS GETS IN, SEE!

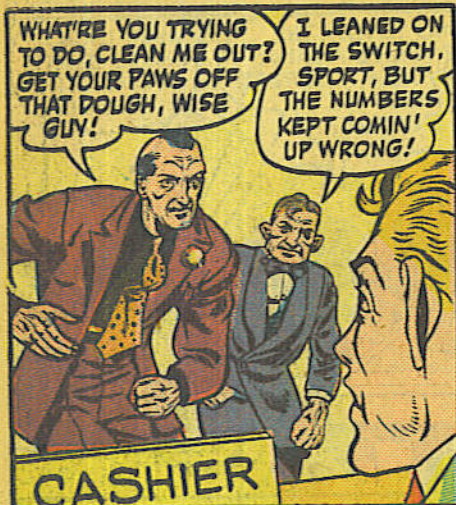
HEY!!

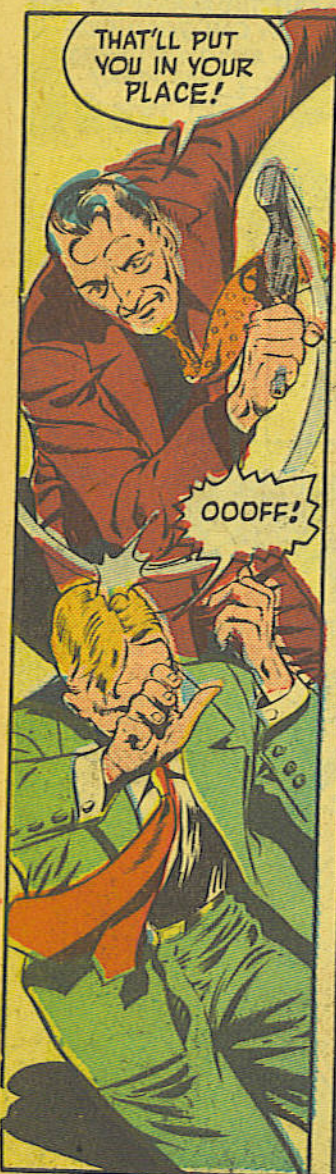
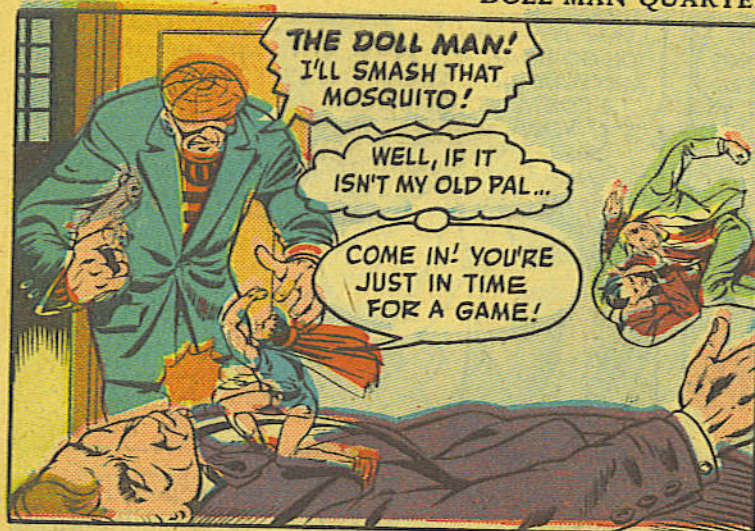


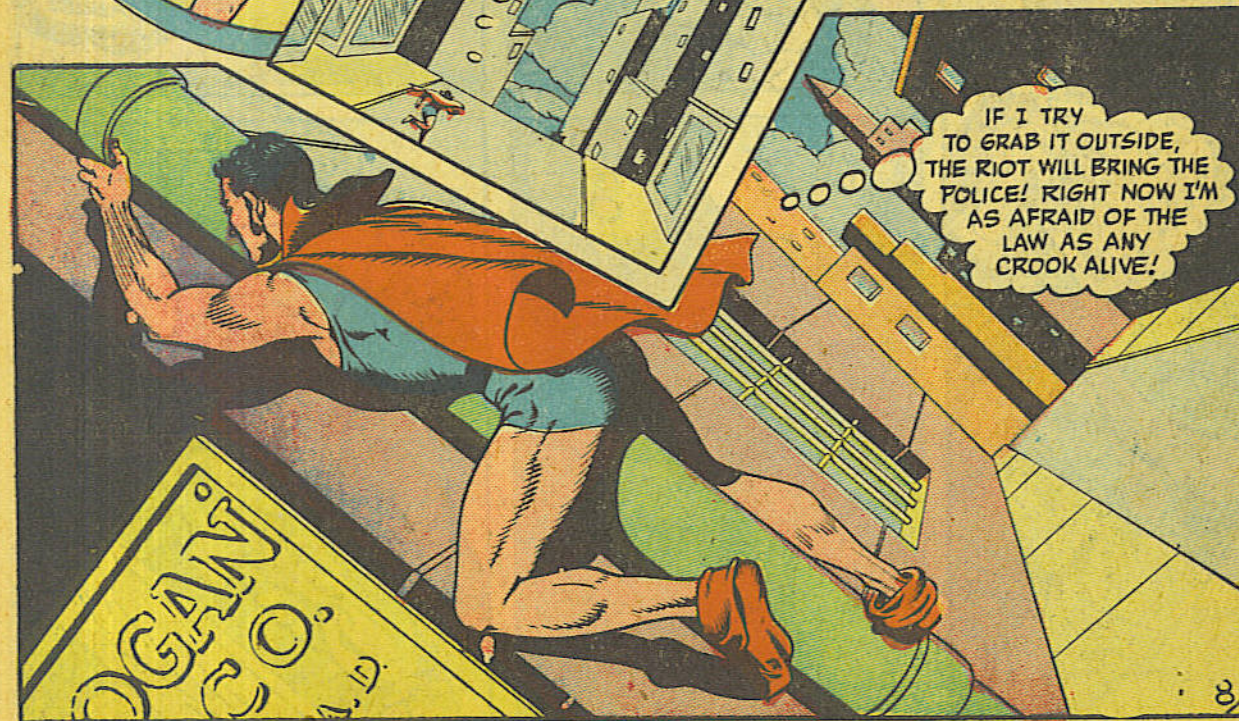
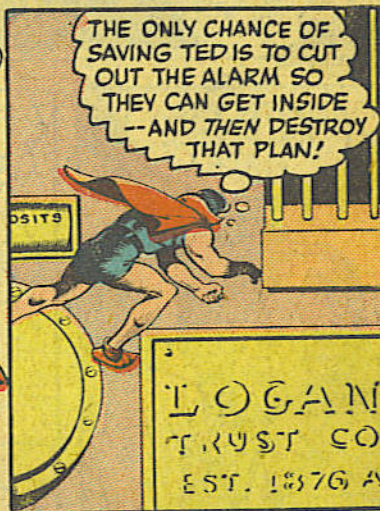
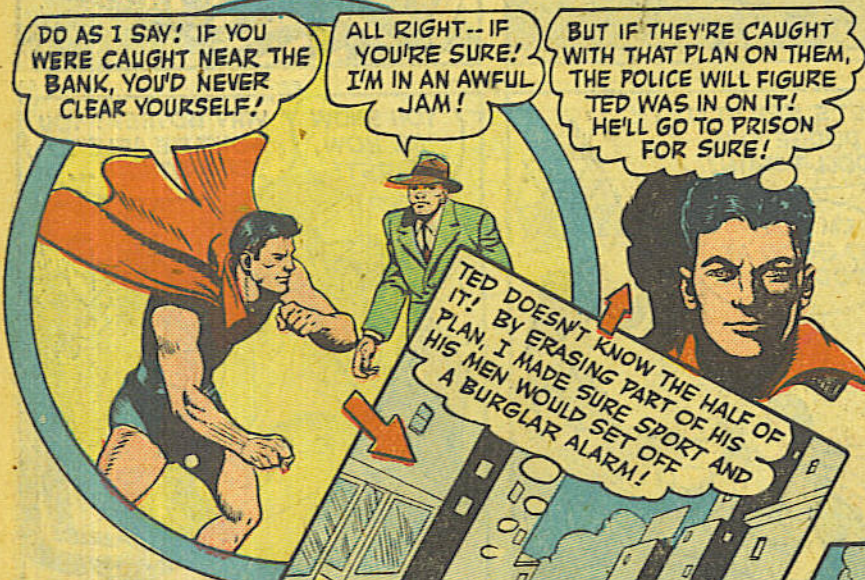
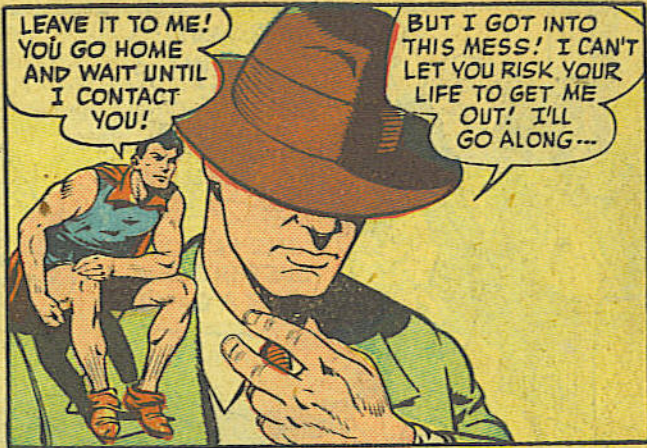
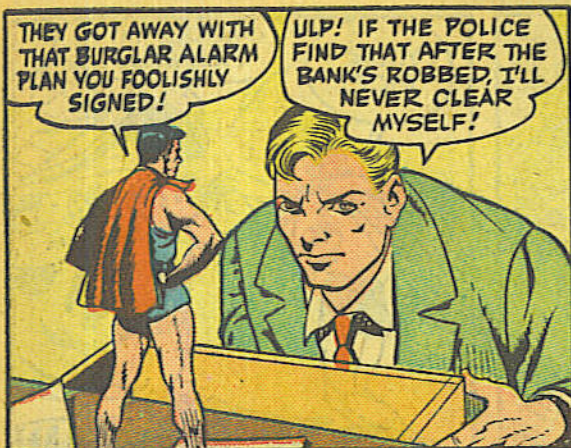


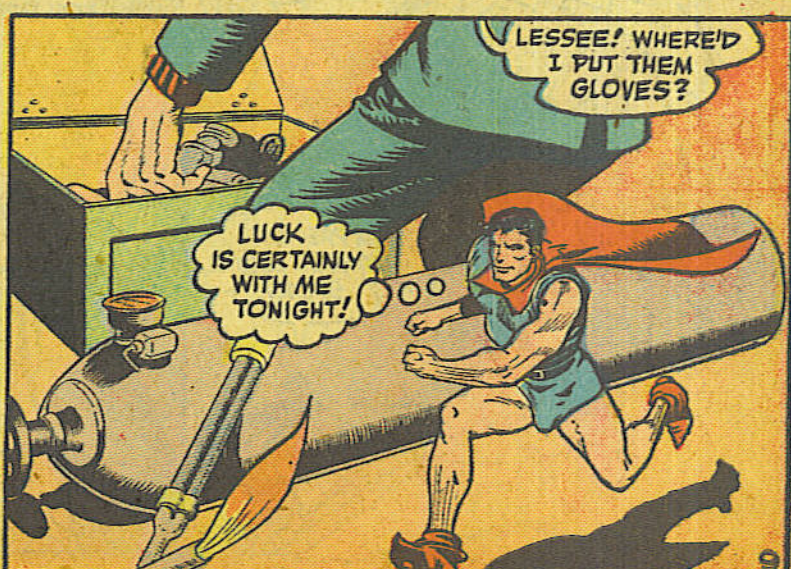
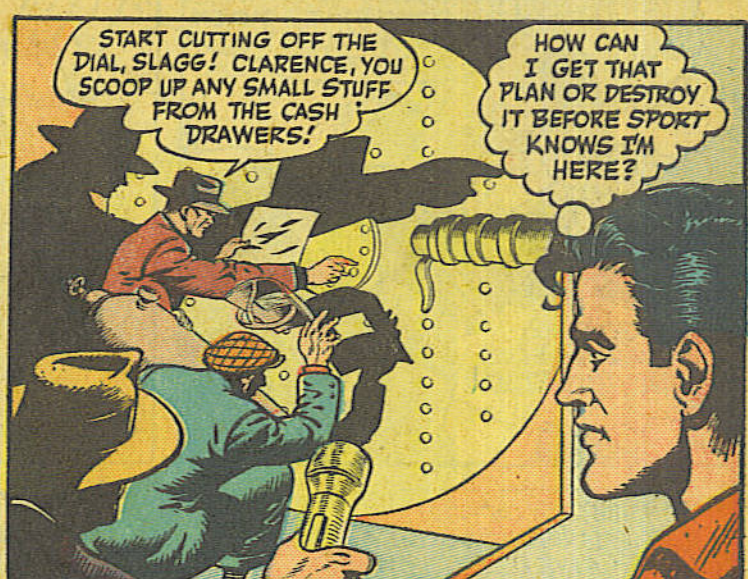
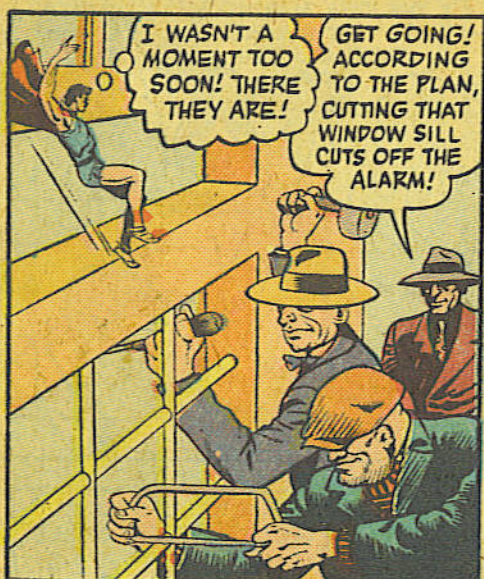
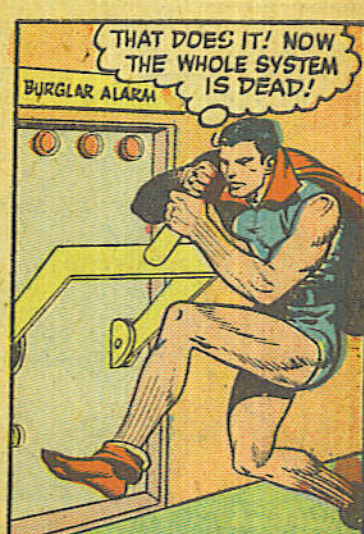
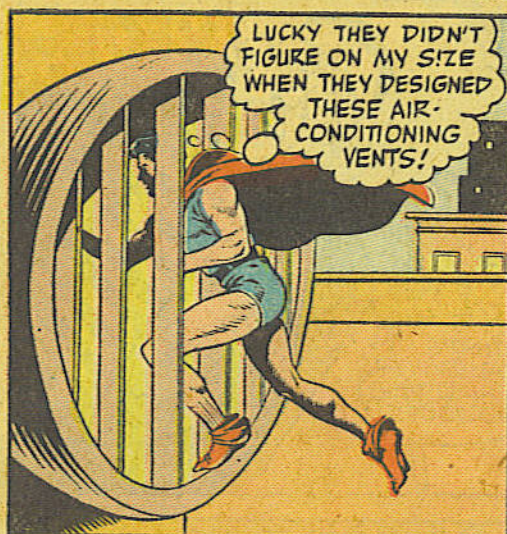


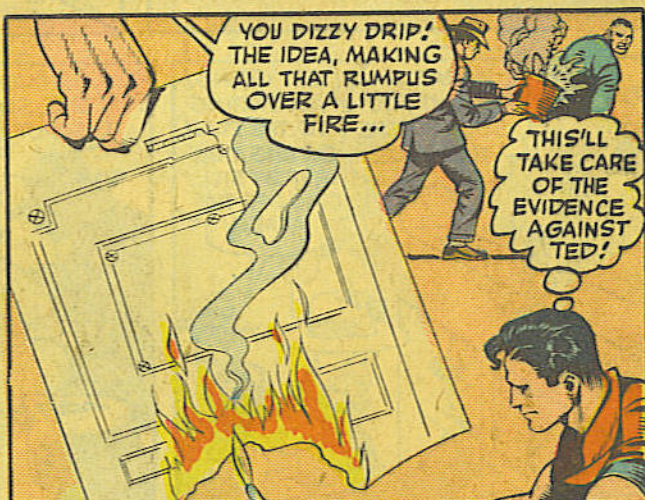
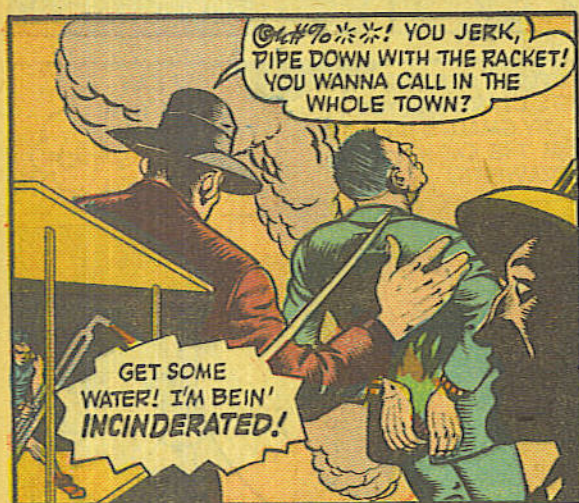
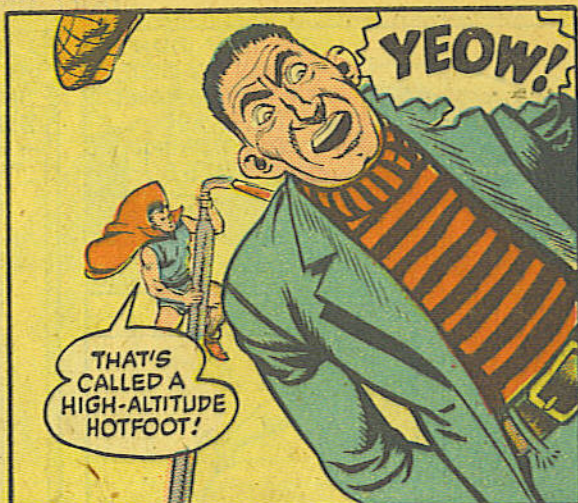
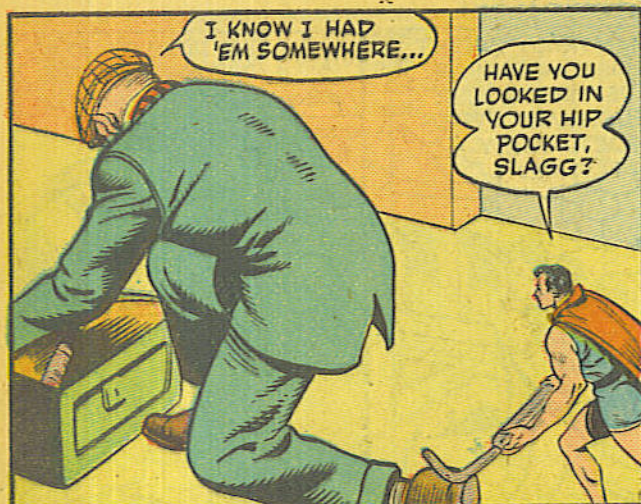


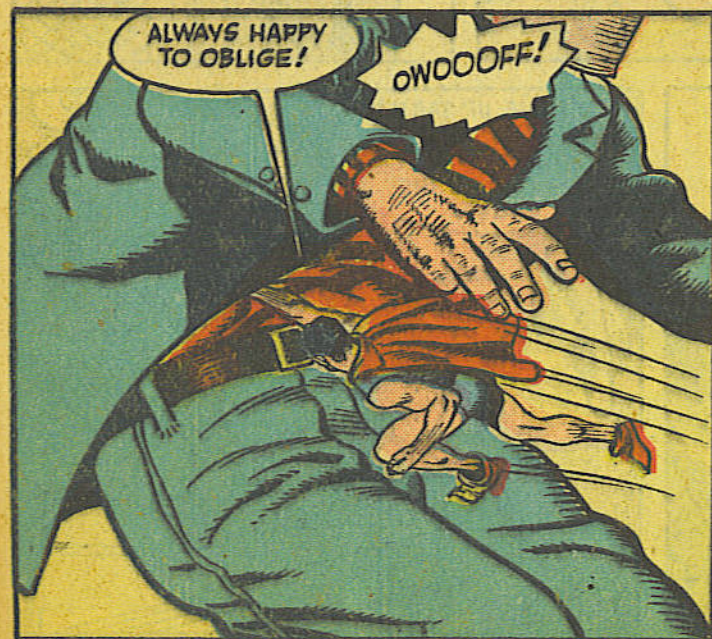
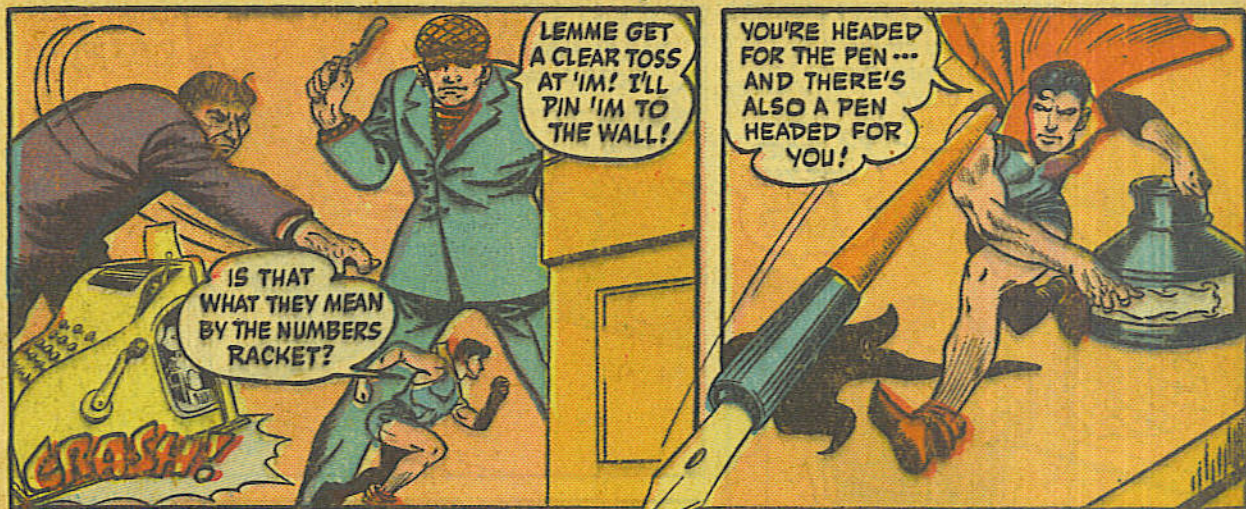


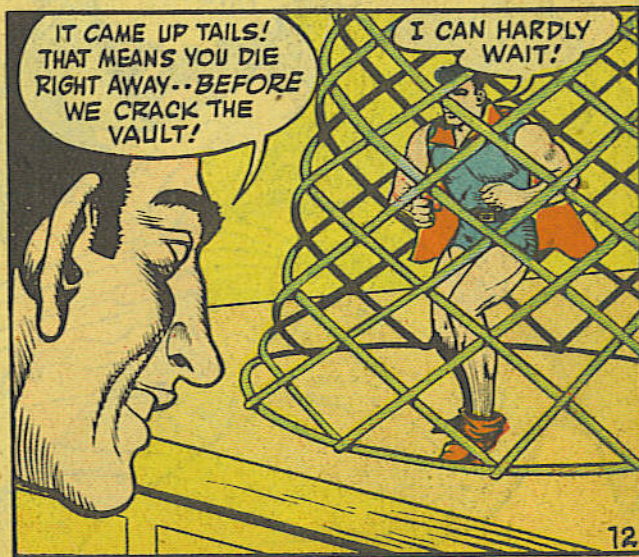
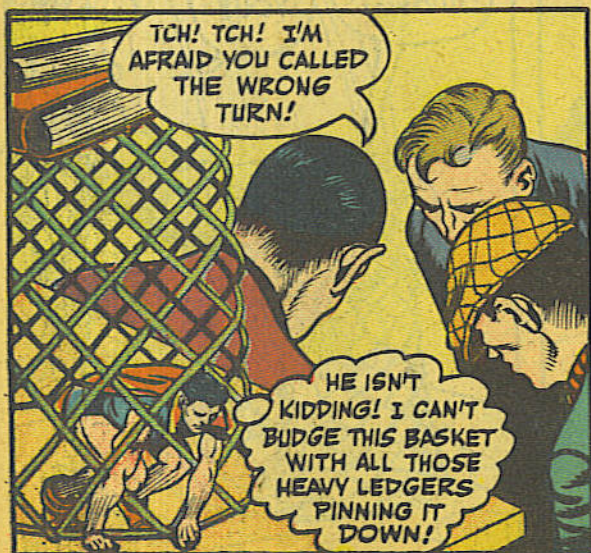
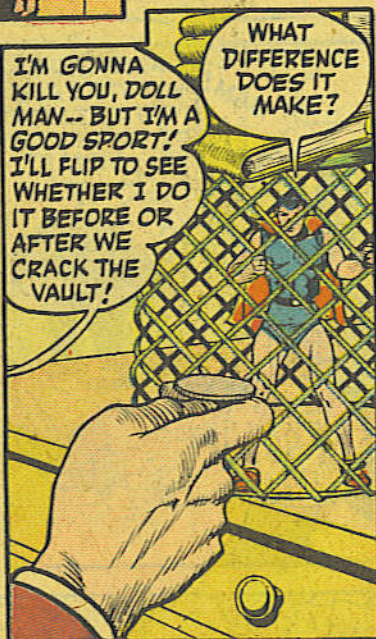
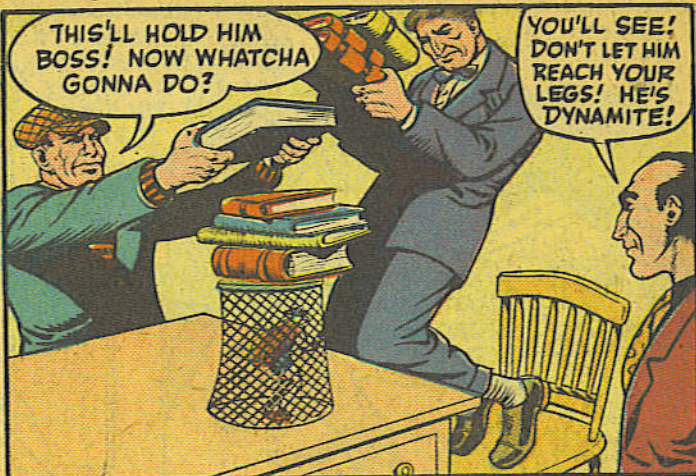


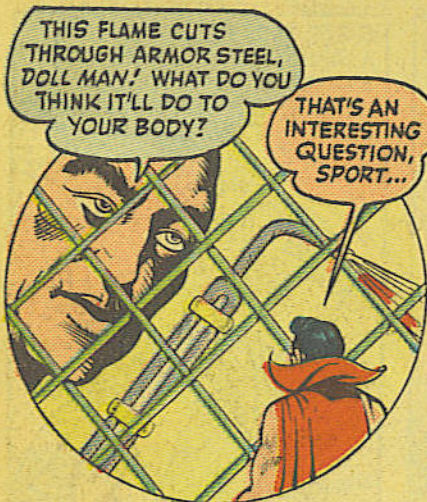


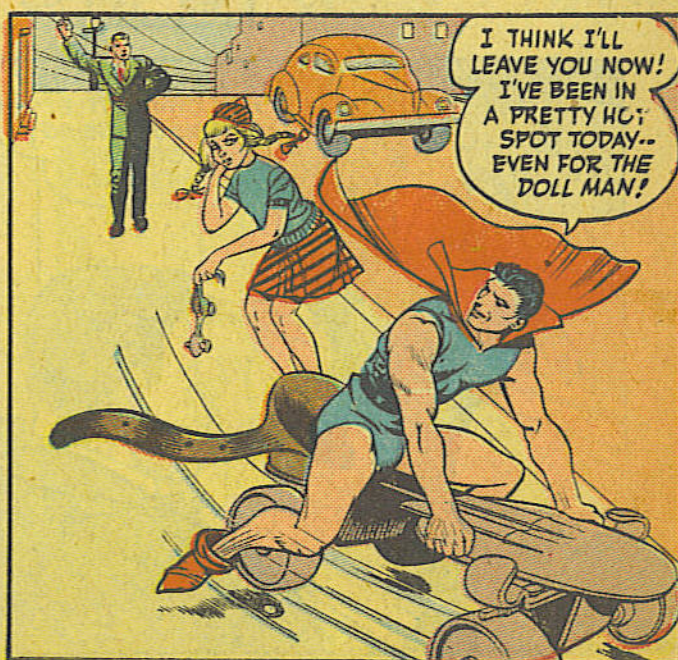
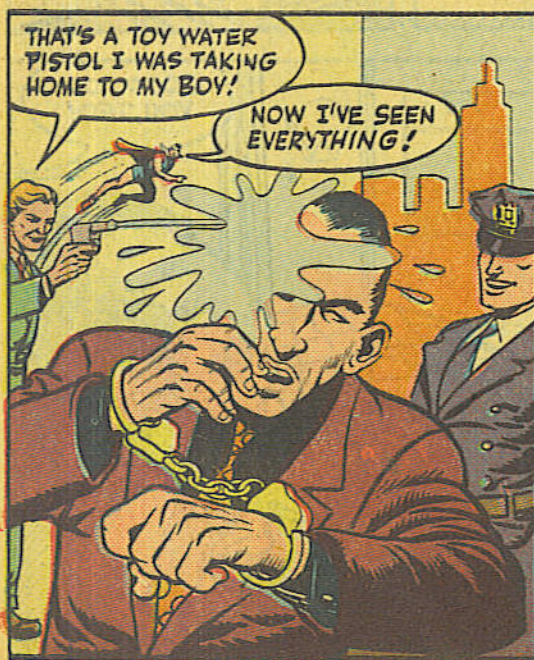
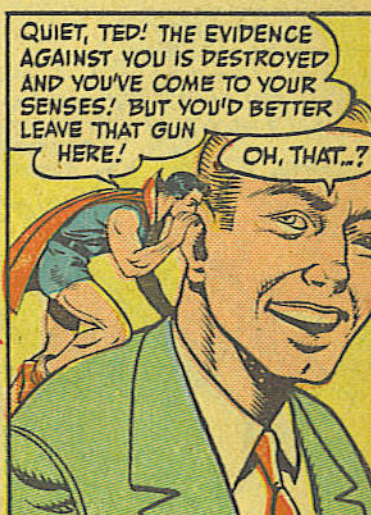
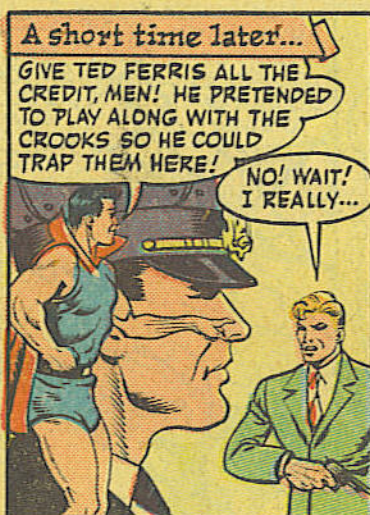
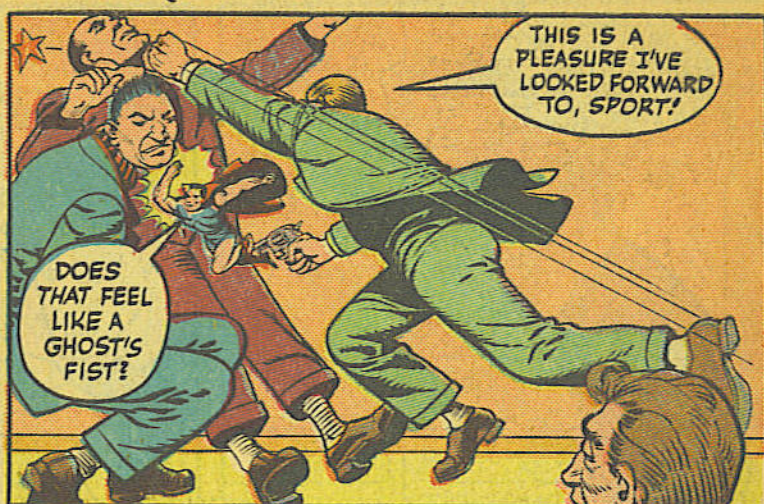












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Roy Rogers "King of the Cowboys"

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AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. C-15, Lancaster, Pa.

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Street Address _____
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State _____

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